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SIR PETER TEAZLE,
(*Whose portraiture is annexed.*)

THE name of the most celebrated stallion of the last half century; his blood, performances, and progeny, being reckoned inferior to none, and superior to most of those who have ever appeared upon the turf. He was foaled in 1784; bred by the Earl of Derby, got by Highflyer, dam (Papillon)* by Snap, grandam by Regulus, who was got by the Godolphin Arabian. At three and four years old he was the best of his time, beating every opponent, and winning stakes to a great amount. The second day of the Craven Meeting at Newmarket in 1789, when four years old, he won a subscription of 50 guineas each; beating Meteor, Pegasus, and Gunpowder; and received forfeit from Bustler, Rockingham, Poker, Patrick, Schoolboy, Harlot, and three others. In the first October meeting of the same year, he broke down, when running against Cardock, Driver, Schoolboy, and Gunpowder, with the odds in his favour; immediately after which, he was announced as a stallion for the ensuing year, at 10 guineas a mare, and half a guinea the groom. In 1794 his get began to appear. A bay filly of Mr. Clifton's won 120 guineas at Catterick, and 145 guineas at Knutsford. Another of Mr. Tarleton's won 100gs. at Preston, and 40*l.* 10*s.* at Nottingham; and the afterwards celebrated Hermoine won 80gs. at Newmarket, the Oaks stakes of 50gs. (each thirty-one subscribers) at Epsom, 50*l.* at Lewes, and 50*l.* at Reading.

In 1795, nine winners appeared, amongst whom Hermoine (then Mr. Durand's) won 100gs. at Epsom; the gold cup, 40gs. and 100gs. at Oxford; 45gs. at Egham, and the queen's 100gs. at Chelmsford.

In 1796, twelve winners started. Ambrosio (three years old) won 150gs. and 50*l.* at York; 275gs. at the same place; and the St. Leger stakes of 25gs. each (fifteen subscribers) at Doncaster. Brass won

*Medley's dam full sister to the dam of Sir Peter—thus the excellence of the union of American blood—the Gimcrack, with Highflyer or Herod, as in Sir Archy.

300gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket. A brown colt of Sir F. Standish's won 200gs. and the Prince's stakes of 500gs. at the same place. Hermoine won the two king's plates at Newmarket, and 50*l.* at Guildford. Parisot won the Oaks stakes at Epsom, 50gs. each, forty-two subscribers.

In 1797, his reputation as a stallion continued increasing; eleven of his produce obtained 33 stakes, plates, &c. Ambrosio won the first class of the Oatland stakes of 50gs. each, (twelve subscribers) beating Stickler, Gabriel, Play or Pay, Frederick, Trumpator, Parrot, and Cannons; 100gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket. Hermione won the third class of the Oatlands, 50gs. each, (twelve subscribers,) beating five others; and the king's plate at Newmarket, and 50*l.* at Epsom; the king's plate, and 60gs. at Lewes; and the king's 100gs. at Canterbury and at Warwick. Honest John, 100gs. at York, and 100gs. at Richmond. Petrina won three fifties at Newcastle, Knutsford, and Northampton. Shepherd, two fifties at Durham. Stamford (three years old) 200gs. and 150gs. at Newmarket, 200gs. at Epsom, 280gs. at Stamford, and the gold cup at Doncaster. Welshman won 100gs. at Chester, 50*l.* and 50gs. at Knutsford, and a sweepstakes at Tarporley.

In 1798, Ambrosio won eight stakes and plates, amounting to 1625gs. Black George won 180gs. and 150gs. at Chester, 45gs. at Newcastle, and 50*l.* at Knutsford. Demon, 100gs. at Chester, and 60gs. at Tarporley. Honest John, 200gs. at York, and 134*l.* at Richmond. Pentacrule, 50*l.* at Dumfries, and 50*l.* at Ayr. Petrina, the gold cup at Chesterfield, and the king's 100gs. at Lincoln. Sir Harry,* (three years old) the Derby stakes at Epsom, 50gs. each, thirty-seven subscribers. Stamford, 233*l.* 15*s.* and the ladies' plate at York; the gold cup, and 100*l.* at Doncaster.

In 1799 seventeen started, who were the winners of 37 subscriptions, sweepstakes, and plates. Ambrosio won 50*l.* at Newmarket, 225*l.* at York, and 200gs. at Doncaster. Archduke,* (three years old) won 400gs. at Newmarket, and the Derby stakes, 50gs. each, thirty-three subscribers, at Epsom. Black George, 50gs. at Newcastle, and 70gs. at Lichfield. Expectation, (three years old) 100gs. and a handicap plate at Newmarket. Fanny, 140gs. at Doncaster. Knowsley,* 60gs. at Catterick; 120gs. and the stand plate at York. Lady Jane, 25gs. at Preston, two fifties at Cardiff, 50*l.* at Hereford, and 50*l.* at Abingdon. Parisot, 800gs. at Newmarket. Petrina, 50*l.* at Warwick, and 50*l.* at Shrewsbury. Polyphemus, 50*l.* at Shawbury, and 50*l.* at Northampton. Princess, 50*l.* at Epsom, 50*l.* at Brighton, and 50*l.* at Reading. Pushforward, 50*l.* at Penrith, and 50*l.* at Carlisle. Roxana, 100gs. at Catterick, 300gs. and 100gs. at York, and 80gs. at Be-

* Imported into the United States.

verley. Sir Harry, the Claret stakes of 1100gs. at Newmarket. Stamford, the king's 100gs. and the ladies' plate at York.

His constantly increasing reputation as a stallion, produced an annual increase of winners. In 1800 fifteen of his get started, and were the winners of thirty-nine sweepstakes, subscriptions, matches, and plates; the principal of which were, Agonistes, (three years old) 140gs. at York, 220gs. at Newcastle, the produce stakes of 100gs. each at Preston, and 160gs. at Malton. Expectation, (then four years old) (won ten prizes, 150 guineas, 36gs. 32½gs. and 25gs. at Newmarket; 50gs. and the jockey club plate at the same place; the pavilion stakes of 25gs. each (six subscribers) at Brighton; 200gs. and 60gs. at Lewes, and the gold cup at Oxford. Fanny, the great produce sweepstakes of 100gs. each at York, (twenty-two subscribers;) seven she beat, and fourteen paid half forfeit, so that she won 1400gs. in less than eight minutes. Knowsley, (the Prince of Wales's) won the king's 100gs. at Guildford, Winchester, Lewes, and Lichfield, with 80gs. also at Lewes, Robin Red-breast, 50*l.* at Bridgenorth, 50*l.* at Newcastle, 50*l.* at Nantwich, the king's 100gs. at Warwick, and 50*l.* at Lichfield. Sir Harry, 200gs. and 550gs. Sir Solomon made a very conspicuous figure.

In 1801 and 1802, he seems to have attained, in his progeny, the very summit of all possible celebrity: during the former year there appeared 15 of his produce, who were the winners of 44 sweepstakes, subscriptions, and plates, of which the most eminent were Agonistes, who won 100gs. at Newcastle, the king's plate, 216*l.* 5*s.* and the ladies' plate at York; the gold cup, of 170gs. value, at Richmond; 120gs. at Malton, and the king's 100gs. at Carlisle. Haphazard, 90gs. at Catterick, 50*l.* at Preston, 60*l.* at Knutsford, 50*l.* at Pontefract, 100*l.* at Doncaster, and 50*l.* at Carlisle. Lancaster, 50gs. at York, two fifties and 100gs. at Morpeth. Lucan, 100gs. at Newmarket. Sir Harry, 400gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket, 235gs. at Ascot, and the king's plate at Winchester. Telegraph, 100gs. and 50*l.* at Newmarket, and 45gs. at Bibury.

In the year 1802, sixteen of his get were the winners of 41 prizes; of which Agonistes won 1000gs. at Newcastle. Attainment, 50*l.* at Newcastle, 45*l.* at Nantwich. Duxbury, 250gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket. Haphazard, 50gs. at Catterick, 250gs. and 268*l.* 15*s.* at York, 92*l.* at Richmond, the Doncaster stakes of 10gs. each (thirteen subscribers) with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, and the king's plate of 100gs. at Carlisle. Lancaster, 50*l.* at Middleham, 50*l.* at Manchester, 150gs. at York, 50*l.* and 50gs. at Preston. Lethe, 1000gs. and 50*l.* at York, 1000gs. at Edinburgh, and 100*l.* at Montrose. Lucan, 50*l.* at Newmarket, 130gs. at Bibury, 50*l.* at Oxford, 50*l.* at Bedford, and 50*l.* at Newmarket. Pipylin, 150gs. at Newmarket, and 65*l.* 15*s.* at Nottingham. Ransom, 50*l.* at Stamford, and

50l. at Canterbury. Robin Red-breast, 100gs. at Newmarket. Sir Simon, 50gs. and 25gs. at Goodwood: and Wilkes, 50gs. at Newmarket.

Thus the united blood of Herod, Blank, Snap, and Regulus, are proved equal, if not superior, to every other junction or cross ever introduced. Sir Peter Teazle continued in great repute as a stallion for many years afterwards.

[For further account of Sir Peter's racing see English Sporting Magazine—under head of Sir Peter, see Sir Harry, Knowsley, and Archduke—horses imported.]

THOUGHTS ON BLOOD HORSES;

Stable Management in General—Getting into Condition—Training for the Turf—Difference between the American and English Modes—Racing—Bringing a Horse round after a hard day—Race Riders, hints to—Their different positions in the Saddle occasion more or less distress to the horse, and an addition or diminution of weight—Shoeing and Plating—Paces—Proportions—Breeding—Hereditary Blemishes and Defects, &c.

(Concluded from No. 9, page 446.)

The race being over, the next thing is the attention and treatment to be given. As soon as the boy is dismounted, take off his saddle scrape and rub him over well, wash out his mouth in the same manner as between the heats, cover him well up with blankets, and lead him off to his stable. Having arrived there, rub him again well; he will be very thirsty; offer him half a pail full of tepid water or gruel, and continue to lead him about on a walk until perfectly cool, when take him into his stall, and if nothing appears amiss, or the race has not been of extraordinary length, or unusually severe, the same treatment as that prescribed after a sweat will suffice, which, with rest, that great restorative of nature, will do all that remains necessary. But if he has had a *hard day*, by which I mean severe running of three or four heats, of three or four miles each, he may require some additional attention. These long days, when hardly contested, are frequently very injurious, and often call forth all the skill and attention of the most experienced grooms, sometimes the aid and scientific skill of a veterinary surgeon to recover him from their effects.

Although the instructions which I have given to be pursued after a sweat, are some of them the same as those which I am now going to lay down, I shall, notwithstanding the repetition that may occur, go through the whole. When taken to his stable it is presumed he will be very thirsty, and should in the first instance be gratified with five or six quarts of gruel a little warm—next his feet and legs above his

knees and houghs, should be well washed in warm water, nearly hot. Then sponged well with strained sponges, and a set of flannel bandages should be swathed well and firmly around them. His head and body should be well dried, which will not occupy more than an hour, when he should have a small feed of oats; after which offer him half a pail full of tepid water; take off his headstall or halter, and shut him up in a roomy stable, well littered, and leave him to rest quietly. In about two hours his groom should come to him again, his bandages should be taken off, his legs well hand rubbed, his head and body lightly brushed over, and a dry set of bandages put on; a luke warm mash of wheat bran, with a feed of oats in it, and in which has been mixed a table spoonful of flour of sulphur, and half that quantity of pulverized nitre, should now be given him, a better mash however, and by far more cooling and nutritious is that composed of barley malt well scalded; but it can seldom be obtained with convenience; let tepid water be offered him again; put a small quantity of hay into his rack, and leave him to rest quietly for three hours—at the expiration of which time return to him, to take the bandages off his legs, hand-rub them well; after which replace the bandages, offer him another half pail of tepid water, and if he has eaten his first mash up clean, you may give him another with half a feed of oats in it. If he appears to have any fever, take from the neck from two to four quarts of blood, according to age, size, and circumstances, but not otherwise on any account, and leave a small lock of hay before him. If you have reason to believe that his feet give him pain, or are hot and fevery, or that his limbs shew an undue share of heat, and that he is likely to shew stiffness and soreness in them from galloping on hard ground, or great exertion—in that case get a couple of stable pails, fill them with hot water, as hot as you can bear your hand in, put a forefoot into each pail, and let him stand thus with his foot and leg in the water for about twenty or thirty minutes; during which time let the knees and arms be fomented with a sponge dipped in the water—if the water cools too fast, replenish it with hot—after he has been in this bath the time required, wipe his legs nearly dry and swathe them well with flannel bandages—you may treat the hind legs in the same manner, if you think any stiffness will be produced about the hocks. Now take some thick tar, and with a flat piece of stick lay it into the hollow part of all his feet, cover it over with a plegget of tow, and secure the tow with a flat splint of wood, fixed across the hoof, and passed under the hollow part of the shoe; the tar will draw heat out of the feet, more so than any of the common stuffing—it is not universally known, particularly to grooms, that hot water alone, is one of the most efficacious fomentations in the reduction of swelled limbs, soreness, or stiffness, provided the application is persisted in a sufficient length of time; and

although there is something novel in this prescription for a horse, yet I will vouch, that should any gentleman chance to have one in this predicament, and he follows these instructions, that he will thenceforward bear me in remembrance. Having got through with this ceremony, shut up the stable and leave him to rest for the night.

The next morning he ought to go to exercise as soon as it is light, and be *walked* for an hour and a half, or two hours with a hood on, and in other respects well clothed—he should have tepid water all that day, and a liberal allowance of it, with his usual feeds of oats if he will eat them. “If his appetite chance to fail, and does not return before shutting up time that evening, he should have half a cordial and half a diuretic ball mixed together, which, with a liberal allowance of tepid water, and an hour and a half walking exercise, both morning and evening of the third day, will so far recover him as to enable him to return to his former high feed on the fourth”—on the fifth let him have a light gallop; on the sixth a moderate sweat; after which recommence his usual routine of work, and by the tenth or twelfth day at farthest, he will be in condition to undertake another race. Should it so happen that on his return from walking exercise the morning after the race, he exhibits any unusual stiffness or soreness in the limbs, or that his feet feel hot, indicative of fever, I would recommend bleeding again, putting his feet again into a pail of hot water, fomenting the legs well and swathing them as before directed with flannel bandages—if there appears any tenseness or fullness in the limbs, and he is engaged in a race to take place within ten or twelve days, I would immediately put him upon a course of sulphur and nitre balls, of which I have already spoken; but if he has no engagement which is to come off within three weeks, in that case stop his gallops for four or five days, and give him by all means a cathartic composed of from six to eight drachms of Barbadoes aloes, according to age and size, two drachms of ginger in powder, three drachms of castile soap, scraped fine, one drachm of calomel, and thirty drops of oil of aniseed—this, with four or five days walking exercise, will, beyond doubt, bring his limbs fine—all soreness or stiffness will be removed, and he will again appear fresh on his legs—so much for bringing round after a hard day, where mere fatigue constitutes the principal difficulty.

But if your horse is “over-marked,” vulgarly termed by the stable boys “completely done up,” “his groom must be on the alert—there are two or three directing symptoms which cannot easily be mistaken. In the first place his appetite fails him, he is very thirsty and uncommonly greedy for his water—his respiration is short, quicker than usual, and by no means so smooth as it should be, and there is a considerable relaxation in the muscles in the interstices of the hips—no-

tice should also be taken of the pulse which will be quick, but if that is not understood, the inside of the eye-lids should be examined, *and if fever is denoted, he should have a gallon of blood taken away, but not otherwise.* I will instruct you how to feel a horse's pulse, which is by applying the palm of your hand, pressing it hard, just behind the elbow of the left foreleg—a horse's pulse in good health should beat about forty or forty-two pulsations in a minute, although I have known it to beat above eighty, but then the horse's fever was very violent; a pectoral ball, and two ounces of nitre should be given him in gruel;" but if he will not drink the gruel with nitre dissolved therein, let the nitre be formed with flour and molasses into a ball, and given to him in that mode. Let him have no grain, but in place thereof plenty of gruel, and large bran mashes made rather thin, and nearly cold, which will be not only grateful to him, but assist in relaxing his bowels and preventing fever, which is certain more or less to accompany him; if he is costive, a glyster will be of essential service.

"Sometimes inflammation comes on so rapidly and violently, bidding defiance to all precautions, and too often, if it does not destroy him, renders him useless as a race horse, as it generally terminates in his feet; his hoofs become what is termed 'pumiced,' and take a long time to recover, and horses which have had fever in their feet to any great degree, generally go on their heels too much afterwards, and the soles of their feet become convex, instead of concave."

"I have heard of several after a hard day, becoming blind, and I knew one that was so before 12 o'clock the same night; nothing but great attention and skill saved him; he had twelve quarts of blood taken from him that evening and during the next day; his eye sight returned in the course of four days, but he was never after fit for the field."

In inflammatory cases of this violent nature, copious bleeding, cooling glysters often repeated, and cooling drinks, must be constantly given; besides purgative medicines administered judiciously. The common aloetic purging ball, seldom operates until twenty-four hours after it is given, consequently the relief required from it would not be afforded sufficiently early, I therefore recommend in preference the following purging drink, which is cooling, easy, quick in its operation, and preferable in all inflammatory cases, as it passes into the blood, and operates also by urine: Take senna two ounces, infuse in a pint of boiling water two hours, with three drachms of salt of tartar, pour off and dissolve in it four ounces of glauber salts, and two or three drachms of cream of tartar.

The following drinks, which are taken from the veterinary work of Richard Lawrence, are very useful in cases of fevers. No sportsman ought to be without them:

Fever Drink.—Cream of tartar, turmeric, and diapente in powder, of each one ounce, mix and give in a pint of warm gruel, to be repeated once or twice a day, or oftener if required; though simple it may be given in most kinds of fevers, and will generally be attended with success.

Inflammatory Fever Drink.—Tartar emetic one drachm, prepared kali, (commonly called salt of tartar) half an ounce, camphor one drachm, rubbed into powder, with five drops of spirits of wine; to be given every four hours, or three times a day in a pint of warm gruel.

A Cordial Drink.—Tincture of benzoin, of friar's balsam, and aromatic spirit of ammonia, of each one ounce, put them in a bottle for occasional use. This is a very useful drink for horses that are overheated in hot weather, and will be considerably improved by the addition of prepared kali, (called salt of tartar,) two drachms, fresh powdered ginger one ounce; to be given in a quart of cold water.

In the winter time, or any season of the year when the horse has not been overheated, this drink may be given in a pint of warm ale, for the colic or gripes, and flatulencies of the stomach or intestines.

It is not my purpose in this essay to treat on Farriery, or give prescriptions other than what may be necessary, and absolutely called for during the management, or training of a race horse; as such I will in addition note the following:

Cordial—Diuretic Balls.—Castile five ounces, nitre, in powder, three ounces, yellow rosin, in powder, three ounces, aniseed, in powder, two ounces, camphor in powder half an ounce, ginger, in powder, half an ounce, oil of juniper three drachms, honey sufficient to form into a mass; which divide into balls of two ounces each; it will make about nine balls; give one every morning. These diuretic balls are guarded with aromatics to prevent too great a relaxation of the system—the common diuretics, being without this preventive. They are proper to be given should a horse be foul in habit, appear full or round in his limbs, or the like.

Detergent—Pectoral Balls.—Castile soap five ounces, aniseed, in powder, five ounces, liquorice, in powder five ounces, Barbadoes tar six ounces, gum ammoniacum three ounces, balsam of tolu one ounce, honey sufficient to form into a mass; which divide into one dozen balls, and give one every morning. These balls are to be given in cases of colds or coughs, wheezing, or any obstruction of the respiration, and will be found to give great relief to asthmatic and thick winded horses. Should the cold or cough continue obstinate, I would after having administered the above, put the horse upon a course of the following:

Pectoral Cordial Balls, of the famous Dr. Brachen—Aniseed, caraway seed, and the greater cardamum seeds, finely powdered, of each

one ounce, flour of brimstone two ounces, Italian liquorice paste, dissolved in water, two ounces; turmeric, in fine powder, one ounce and a half, saffron two drachms, oil of aniseed half an ounce, liquorice root, in powder, one ounce and a quarter, wheat flour sufficient to make a paste, by beating the ingredients together in a mortar. Give a piece at a time as large as a pullet or hen's egg, rolled into a ball.

These balls are powerfully cordial and restorative; they promote glandular excretion, warm and stimulate the stomach, expel wind, enliven the circulation, and invigorate the whole frame. If a horse appears exhausted between heats, or after a race, one of these balls given immediately, may afford instantaneous relief; in severe bursts with fox hounds, horses have been so exhausted as not to be able to proceed another mile, when by the aid of a single ball, or at most two, they have so far recovered as to go through the remainder of the day, without further impediment. One may be given every morning, and will be found very efficacious in severe colds, relaxation of the intestines, or any sudden debility. Having now got through with the practical part of training, including the management both preparatory to, and during a race, as also the treatment to be pursued in a general way after it—bringing round after a hard day, and when “over marked”—I have next to make some observations and offer some quotations from that inimitable writer Nimrod, on the effect of sweats, exercise, and the evil arising from an immoderate allowance of hay—shall touch upon the requisite qualifications of a groom, and the prevalent character of public trainers. After which, I shall give some hints to jockeys, and speak of race riding, a thing of all others the least understood in this country, by either master or man. This will complete that portion of my essay which has an immediate bearing upon the practical turf operations of a galloping establishment.

Next to the article of food in the condition of the race horse, is to be considered the work he is to do, and the chief consideration ought to be, not how severe the run is likely to be, but how he has been prepared for it; for if in good condition and fairly ridden, and he has had a good sweat within eight or ten days, with a run thereafter, and a draw about three days preceding the race, with a smart brushing gallop the next day or second day after it, with proper attention to feed, water, &c. he may be tired, nay dead beat, yet it will generally be the fault of his owner or groom, if worse consequences ensue; and every trainer ought to make it an invariable rule, let the weather be ever so bad, to cause his horse to sweat freely, and to give him some strong and quick work, within three, four, or five days of the time of running.

“The very best effects are to be derived from gentle sweats often repeated; they keep a horse light and free in his body, without that injury to his legs by brushing gallops, in which every sinew about him

is put to the hazard. Long continued exercise, we are all aware, is of the greatest use in unloading the bowels, giving firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and promoting the general secretions; but a horse cannot be fit for such severe and trying exertions as he is put to in the field, unless his vessels are kept clear and open, and his blood in a proper state of fluidity, frequently cleansed of its excrementitious matter, which powerfully contributes to disease after work. This can only be done by repeated perspiration; and I have heard veterinary surgeons say, that the perspirable matter which flies off through the pores of the skin, is of more consequence, as far as clear wind and condition are concerned, than all the other secretions."

"What I have now said chiefly applies to the state of the blood; the state of the bowels is equally important. Rest not only generates a redundancy of blood and humors, but the bowels become overloaded and distended beyond their proper size; in which state violent exertion must always be attended with danger. In perusing an old article on farriery, I recollect being gravely told, that a horse should not be ridden with fox hounds, under three weeks after a dose of physic, or with stag hounds under a month. All this is laughable, but if true, what would become of the race-horse, who sweats six days after its physic sets?"

Were I to know to a certainty that my horse was to have a severe race, I should prefer his having gone through a dose of physic twelve or fourteen days previous, rather than have him in the least *plethoric*, or above himself in condition; and I should prefer this, not only as a preventive of danger after it, but with the confidence that he would perform better, be freer in both his respiration and perspiration, relieve himself more, and recover quicker between the heats, than if laboring under a greater redundancy of blood and humors, tending always to obstruct those organs.

"The ill effects of rest, and the good effects of work, on the powers and energies of a horse are astonishing. In long continued rest, his flesh becomes soft and flabby, and the muscles lose their elasticity, and even their substance. This is particularly exemplified in the human subject, for, let a man forego the use of one of his legs for twelve months, the muscles of that leg will fall away, though they will in some measure recover on the resuming the action of the limb. With horses lame in the feet this is plainly shewn—the muscles of the chest fall away, because they are not called into action, which a cripple has not the power of doing in the proper sphere, although he may work every day.

"This gave rise to the vulgar, but now almost exploded idea of chest foundered horses, whereas such a complaint does not exist. The evil lies in the feet, and the wasting of the muscles of the chest is the

effect, and not the cause. In strong work, when a horse is sound, every muscle and fibre in his body are braced as it were, until they become as tough as whipcord."

"Not only the muscles of the body, but the lungs also, are powerfully strengthened by good work. The quickness of respiration by repeated galloping, produces an elasticity in these organs, far above their ordinary powers, and as particularly with racers wind is strength, it is a consideration of the highest importance, that the horse is in good wind, for without it, the best is powerless."

I have frequently heard an opinion expressed by some *would-be-trainers*, that the reduction of a large mass of gross flesh which a horse may have acquired during rest and full feeding, by repeated sweats, was productive of debility, or rather inability to perform—that any animal may be injured in such a gross state, if too suddenly and too severely excited by action after long rest, and overheated beyond the dictates of common sense, I will admit; but with proper management and discretion, and a gradual increase of daily exercise, as to length and pace, nothing of the kind will follow.

"As far as relates to a proper attenuation of the blood, the advantages of frequent sweating is too obvious to require much further notice. Let a horse highly fed have nothing but walking exercise for some time, and the first day he is made to perspire, his sweat will lather like soap suds; the second will be much thinner, and the third will be pretty clear, and the fourth will run off him as transparent as rain water. That perspiration is the grand duct by which the impurities of nature are carried off, requires no argument of mine to show; and so far from a horse being got into condition without frequent recourse to it, even a cock cannot be brought into the pit, unless he has gone through the operation of sweating. All those jockeys who know what it is to waste flesh to ride, have found the full effect of this grand relief of nature, in the light and volatile feel which they experience, after having lost three or four pounds weight, in a walk in cloths, and a good smoking between the blankets afterwards—when they get up and are fresh dressed, they feel as if they could fly, and for my own part, I have often envied the feel of a race horse, walking back to his stable, after having had a sweat."

"Exclusive of the extreme debility and laxity of fibre produced by rest, many serious evils frequently arise among racers, from a long respite from work, especially in winter, unless proper preventive measures are had recourse to: the instances which I have known of horses becoming touched in their wind from this cause, and at the same time high feeding are many." This evil is to be guarded against by reducing the feeds of grain, giving a dose of physic occasionally, and

bran mashes twice or thrice each week; they expel the contents of the bowels without increasing the secretions, and are great preservatives of general health—nevertheless, they are not to be too often given to horses in training, as they are of a very lowering nature, yet I have always made a rule to give one or two every week or eight days, if not too near the time of giving a trial gallop, or engaging in a race. There are some horses so fretful, irritable, and tender, that strong exercise occasions such an irritation of the system, as to bring on a constant looseness and scouring; they are all, with scarce an exception, bad feeders, and miserable flesh keepers; long or quick exercise rendering them unfit for a continuance of strong work, or the repetition of any trial. They may, with great skill and attention, be made to undergo gentle exercise, but nothing more, and may be brought by a skilful trainer to the post, capable of running a single heat in quick time, but such is the irritability of their system, that they do not cool off, or become composed after a heat, and therefore never can come again. The best thing to be done with horses of this description, is to dispose of them, for almost any price. Scouring, however, may proceed from cold, a check of perspiration, drinking too much cold water after exercise, before being thoroughly cool, overfeeding, and sometimes by worms; or it may be an effort of nature to throw off some latent disorder, or acrimony of the bowels—in which case, it ought not to be checked too suddenly, but such medicines ought to be given as will invigorate the intestines, and shield the coats of the stomach—for this purpose, give six or eight ounces of epsom salts in two or three quarts of gruel, every morning for two or three mornings, and give a cordial ball every night for a week or ten days. Should the scouring continue, I would recommend the restringent mash, which I have already noted when on the subject of physic; it may be repeated if required, but all exercise, except that of walking, must be discontinued until the bowels reassume their proper tone.

The evils arising from an injudicious, and too great a portion of water, are so well understood, that it is unnecessary here to treat of it.

The proper allowance of hay, is a thing which has drawn less universal attention, and by no means generally understood. The mischief arising from a too free and immoderate use of it is incalculable, and if we wish to preserve our horses in health, and keep their respiration sound, a stint in its allowance must be rigidly enforced. In support of this position, I ask leave again to quote Nimrod, whose doctrine has drawn the attention, and enforced the observance of the sporting world. Speaking of the necessity of limiting very narrowly the allowance of hay, he says—"In the stables of the fast coaches, this has been proved almost to demonstration; these horses are allowed

only half a truss* of hay each for the seven days, and a broken winded horse is now scarce heard of amongst them. I have taken pains to ascertain this fact, by my personal inquiries. One proprietor who has nearly fifty horses at work, many of which are in as fast coaches as any that travel the road, assured me a few weeks since, that he had not one broken winded horse in his yard, whereas, before he stinted them in hay, he generally had one in five in that state. A further proof of the good effect of this sumptuary law in the stable is, that the horse who lives chiefly upon grain, requires less water than one whose belly is distended with hay; and it must make no small difference to a horse, whether he be taken from an empty or a full rack, when put to a coach that starts off at, and continues to run at the quick rate of eleven or twelve miles in the hour."

With respect to feeding, I believe that I have already said all that is necessary, and have little to add, except to remind my brother sportsmen of what I have before so strongly enforced, that food should be proportioned to work, or plethora, the root of all evil will be produced. "Plethora," says Boerhaave, "is created by every thing that maketh a great quantity of chyle and blood, and at the same time hindereth their attenuation, corruption, and perspiration through the pores of the skin." This authority is sufficient to enforce attention to the doctrine which I have just laid down, of causing food to keep pace with work, which may be considered the golden rule of stabularian science. I have had a good deal to do with private training myself, and been a pretty close observer as to the result of the operations of others, and from those observations and my own experience, can with confidence assert, that nine horses out of ten, are brought to the starting post in point of condition, *short of quick work*. In contradiction of the many absurd opinions of horses being debilitated by sweats, and worn out and injured as to constitutional stamina, by the daily exercise through which they are compelled to go, I do not hesitate to assert, "that, barring epidemic complaints and accidents, no horses enjoy such uninterrupted good health, as those in training."

In stable management, beyond that kind of order brought about by keeping a horse externally clean and pleasing to the eye, by constant currying, brushing and rubbing, which those void of experience too often view as condition, the following character and acquirements are necessary to constitute a good groom—sobriety and incorruptible integrity, are the first and indispensable requisites; if void of which, no

*A truss of hay, I understand, is one hundred weight gross, or one hundred and twelve pounds. Thus the allowance of half a truss in the seven days, is eight pounds per day. The writer of this has frequently weighed the hay given to race horses, when on full feed and in train, and found that they consumed from seven to nine pounds.

matter how great his practical skill and experience, have nothing to do with him. Next, you ought to be able to place implicit reliance on the truth and candor of what he may state in relation to the horses he has in charge, as it respects their health, condition, performance, &c. which he ought at all times to communicate freely to his employer, but to others be as silent as the grave—"to know when a horse becomes foul in his body; when he is up to his mark, and when he is below it; how to check incipient disease; how to treat horses that are not quite sound, so as to keep them on in their work; how to preserve their feet, and how to feed them. He should also know how to treat strains, and common wounds, which are perpetually happening; blows, bruises, saddle galls, and the like; but when any mischief of a more serious nature may occur, he ought, if he has his employer's interest at heart, immediately to send off for the best veterinary surgeon in the neighbourhood, for when disease lies beyond the reach of manual detection, a groom (however clever he may be as a groom) if he attempts a cure, is travelling in a wilderness of error, and the expedients he may resort to, may be worse than the original evil."

I shall scarcely touch upon the methods which I have seen different men pursue of training horses, for if I was to enumerate all the particulars, I might write a volume in depicting the absurdities and ruinous practices, adhered to by some of these stupid and self-sufficient types of stabularian ignorance—generally speaking, all horses are treated alike, unless they fortunately fall into the hands of one who exercises reason, and acts according to the dictates of common sense, a thing of rare occurrence. In nine cases out of ten, they give one horse as much work as another, without taking into consideration the difference in their constitutional stamina, and propensity to "throw off flesh." How common is it to see the young colts coming three years old, going along with the older, and even aged horses, carrying boys of equal and sometimes greater weight. What can be more absurd? There is no doubt but that delicate horses, and especially these young ones, which by nature do not carry so much flesh as the older ones, or even hardy craven horses of the same age, are often overtrained by this indiscriminate measure of exercise, and from the same cause and want of judgment, often too much reduced by being immoderately sweated. Every horse ought to be sweated in proportion to the flesh he makes, and his hardihood of constitution—delicate ones I am persuaded would run better, if allowed to go gently for the last three or four days; but those of gross habits and great feeders, must not be stopped in their exercise; if they are, they will grow pulsive. I have said that one of the requisites to constitute a good groom, was that of your being able to place implicit reliance on the truth and candor of what he may state in relation to the horses he has in charge, as it res-

pects their health, condition, performance, &c.—how different from this is the deportment towards their employers, of four out of five of these fellows; were they honest enough to tell you that out of half a dozen horses in your stable, there was but one deserving of the name of a race horse, you would, unless bigotted to folly and led away by ruinous and destructive prejudice and partiality, throw out of training, and dispose of at almost any price, every horse except the one. But this would not agree with your trainer's interest, which is to keep you on the turf and your stable full; and with this view he deceives you, and takes every means to persuade you that your horses are promising and worthy of every attention and expense that can be bestowed upon them. "He lives by the sieve, and by the sieve only, together with the money you pay him for the boy's board and lodging." "It is by the sieve, and by the sieve materially, they make their fortunes. Every time they shake the sieve, to feed your horses, it is to their profit"—every time they shake it, they shake money into their pockets, and shake it out of yours. Rest assured, that no man in this country, under the present state of things, can ever succeed on the turf, if his horses are from under his own eye, and immediate and constant observation, wholly entrusted to the conduct and management of these public trainers. Look around and see who has, or who does succeed, and you will find success confined to such men as the late General W——n, the present Colonel W——n, Mr. J——n, Mr. S——n, and one or two others, who daily and unremittingly order every gallop, and superintend every drink and every feed, which their horses receive when in training; attention of this kind must in the sequel prove successful, and verifies the adage "that no business is worth any thing unless well followed, and that there is no business unproductive if strictly attended to." In elucidation of what I have said, may be quoted the late Captain Dennis O'Kelly, of turf fame, and Eclipse notoriety. "What little disquietude he experienced in the infancy of his adventures, was amply compensated by the affluence of his latter years, in which he enjoyed the gratification of his only ambition, that of being, before he died, the most opulent and most successful adventurer upon the turf—a circumstance not calculated to create surprise, when it is recollected that his own penetration, his indefatigable industry, his nocturnal watching, his personal superintendence and eternal attention, had reduced to a system of certainty with him, what was neither more or less than a matter of chance with his competitors." "He accumulated not only a splendid fortune, but left to his successor such a train of stallions, in high estimation, that alone brought him a princely competence." Turfites who are in the habit of making occasional purchases of race horses, at very high prices, generally confide in their own judgment; they know better than to trust animals of such

value and consequence to the sole care of hirelings, or to send them off to be knocked to pieces by the generality of these men who call themselves trainers. A man who pays from two to three thousand dollars for a horse, generally knows what to do with him—such will, nine times out of ten, be found superintending his own stables. But breeders are often not only desirous, but under the necessity, (by way of bringing their colts forward, and exhibiting them,) of sending them from home to be trained; the satisfaction which they almost universally receive, is that of paying a bill of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty dollars for each, and being permitted to take them home, emaciated, possibly lame, if not ruined, and their stock stigmatized as worthless. Those who, from want of knowledge, or whose avocations prevent them from giving in person unremitting attention to their stables, will find it to their account to become confederate with some gentleman of ability and character, whose time is wholly devoted to the object.

I will now inform you, after you have had your colts long enough in training to enable them to take a trial of a mile, how to judge whether you have the best colt of his year, or even a good one among them; in doing which I will give as authority, Colonel George Hanger, who was confederate on the turf with Mr. Robert Pigot, when his celebrated horse Shark was at his best, and who had the management of Mr. Pigot's horses as well as his own.

"I do not believe there ever was a better horse than Mr. Robert Pigot's Shark, excepting Eclipse, which was a very uncommon horse. I will tell you what Shark could do, by which you may give a tolerable good guess whether you have nearly the best horse of his year. Run five or six of your young colts together one mile; if they all come in well together, you may be sure that not one of them is worthy to be kept in training, excepting you have one amongst them, which is an uncommonly large sized colt, large limbed, and loose made—it is possible that when he comes to his strength and fills up, he may turn out a good horse. If you have one colt, which in the trial, runs clear away from all the rest, you may expect that he will turn out a good runner. Take him about a fortnight after, run him with two of the others, which were the two first of those beaten, for you must not run him with the worst or the last of the lot. Let him give them both twenty-one pounds. If he does not beat them cleverly, you have no right to expect that he is the best, or nearly the best of his year. I will inform you of a wonderful trial when Shark was coming six years old; he ran from the Ditch-in; I borrowed a mare, a good runner, from Mr. Vernon; I think her name was Atalanta, but I cannot mention her name for certain—I gave Mr. Vernon fifty guineas for the hire of her; but then I agreed to have her for a fortnight before the race in our

stables, that he should not run her to death, by which I might have been deceived in the trial. I promised to run her only once, from the Ditch-in, and on the third day again, one mile only, and then to return her. John Oakley rode Shark, and Anthony Wheatley rode the trial mare. Shark gave all the other horses except the mare, twenty-one pounds. There were three others; my horse St. George, Salopian, and Jack of Hicton. The mare carried four pounds more than them; consequently Shark gave her only seventeen pounds. As the mare and the rest of the horses were coming down that small declivity just past the Furzes on the town side, Shark had beaten them full three hundred yards: so much so, that I rode up to Oakley and told him to pull Shark up, and go in, in the centre of the group. St. George and the mare had a very severe race; he just won it; the other two were beaten three or four lengths. St. George had been turned out in a paddock at my own house in Berkshire, for ten months, and well fed with corn the whole time. He was wonderfully improved, for before I turned him out, I ran him with Salopian, across the flat; and Salopian beat him shamefully.

"Remember, every horse, including the mare, was of the same age, six years old. Twenty-one pounds is the test of speed, and this your colt must be able to give to one which is a tolerable good runner, and not to one which cannot run at all, or you have not the best, or nearly the best colt of the year. So much for racing."

AN OLD TURFMAN.

THE RACE HORSE REGION IN AMERICA.

MR. EDITOR:

The writer of that article D. (vol. 3, p. 343,) assumes the fact that Halifax, Brunswick, &c. embracing a small district in Virginia and Carolina, has produced more first rate racers than all the union beside; and that Sumner, Davidson, &c. Tenn. upon the same parallel of latitude, have produced more than all the rest of the Western country. We are inclined to the opinion, that the fact assumed is real, though we dissent from the position that the James River and Northern border of Virginia, has produced four times as many high bred. Very little attention was paid in the fortunate region, to the laudable practice of keeping records, and preserving regular pedigrees. The horses, however, were all, or far the greater part, blooded, during the twenty-five or thirty years, when the writer of this article lived there. In all that period he knew of but two attempts to introduce the heavy draught horse, and they totally failed; and only two attempts to introduce the Narragansett pacer; their support was limited to a few elderly gentlemen, who wanted an easy goer. The bloods were equal to the ag-

ricultural purposes of the country, and if you chanced to see a road wagon and heavy team, it came from Orange, or above. Even in Orange, the writer saw a team of Sally Fryars, either pair of whom would have graced a phæton, or probably made quick work on a quarter path. The wealthy bred from the popular high priced horses; the poorer citizens bred from their descendants, and sometimes a poor man, who had the sectional feeling strongly, would "go" the high price. D. asks "Is it climate, latitude, soil, or the particular crosses, that may have prevailed in that country, which has produced the result?" The climate and soil generally are favorable. Greensville and Northampton are probably too flat, and in some parts rather insalubrious; and as effects are produced by adequate causes, we are induced to ascribe the superiority mainly to blood and crossing.

Old Jolly Roger, old Ch. Janus, old Fearnought, old Traveller, and Othello, were the five best horses of the early importations. The racing region had the services largely of the three first. Partner, the best son of Traveller, and Mark Anthony, his best grandson, were there—Mark Anthony was also grandson of Othello, and Haynes' Herod, another grandson was there—Flimnap was there a short time—Centinel and one of the Davids were there, or in convenient distance—Wildair and Eclipse, the best sons of Fearnought; Celer the best, and Twig, one of the best sons of Janus, were there—Grey Diomed and Bellair, the best sons of Medley, were there, or in reach; and Citizen was there. Combine these bloods upon old Mary Gray and other imported mares and their descendants, and add old Diomed, or old Sir Archy, and where would you look for better? Not surely in any other region of America? Were these bloods crossed and indubitably certified, where would be the need to import from England? To Asia or Africa we might send, if we had assurance of the real horse of the desert or mountain, a Darley Arabian, or Godolphin Barb.

Other causes operated. The Janus horse, bred in and in, or crossed on any of the others, had heels and were run short distances, with or without preparation.* When prepared with the skill of Col. Bynum, or Stud Harry Hunter, their celerity was astonishing. The "universal tool" speed, is therefore at the foundation of the Roanoke race horse. Contemporaneously with Hunter and Bynum, flourished Austin Curtis, a man of color indeed, but one of judgment, skill and courteous manners. He knew how "to get the length into them," or to bring out their game. Under his auspices the fame of Collector grew, and the powers of Snap Dragon were developed. Mr. Wilkes in succession, displayed the energies of Surprise, Wonder, Potomac, &c.

* Janus, on the common stock of the country, it is said, produced some good runners, which shews the common stock were not "cold blooded."

Subsequently, Colonel Johnson, who has been aptly called the Napoleon of the turf, and who, by the by, is no slouch at any thing on which he bestows attention, has had choice of the Virginia and Carolina horses, either on purchase, or at his option, to train.

Another cause has produced its share of the result, a settled and general belief among the inhabitants of the enumerated counties, that their horses were superior to any on the continent. This belief preserved the purity of the blood, even in cases where the evidences of that purity are lost. Beside, the Joneses and Haynes, Atherton, Barnes, Hill, Dawson, and others, on the Carolina side, had the bloods. This belief has operated on D. in bringing out his valuable communications to your Magazine; it may be seen, if not felt, in the humble efforts of the undersigned, occasionally in the "leaves of the Turf," sometimes elsewhere, and so often in the unenviable corner for corrections.

These remarks are all applicable, to some extent, to the Racing Region in Tennessee. The inhabitants are many of them from the first district, and brought along some of the best bloods. They brought along and have cherished the same belief, call it conceit if you please. It is believed here, that the Kirkendoll filly was equal to Bynum's filly or Hunter's String. It is believed that Haney's Maria, until worn down by excessive and continued running, was equal to any thing, all distances; and that Oscar and John, now Monsieur Tonson, were about her equals, at heats of three and four miles. We say nothing of Champion or Polly Powel, as it is hinted they will probably grace the *Central course* next fall.

Our running over the Nashville course, up to three mile heats, will average with the best. In future, four mile heats will be essayed. You need have no apprehensions as to the length of the course. It is over measure, and shall on some future occasion have the regular certificate.

PANTON.

WHAT IS A THOROUGH BRED HORSE?

MR. EDITOR:

"What is a thorough bred horse?" This question has been propounded through the pages of the Turf Register, but not answered. Every one at all conversant with "blood" knows that whenever a horse traces to "a royal mare," (imported by Charles 2d,) or to the best bred mares of that age, (springing from Arabians, Barbs, and Turks,) he is "thorough bred" in England. Are others than "thorough breeds" started for the great stakes in that kingdom? With us, the question rather is, not what are "thorough bred," but *sufficiently so* to breed from with safety for the turf? It has been deemed sufficient

to trace to "an imported mare," upon the presumption that for none than "a thorough bred," would be incurred the expense of importation. Is this enough? Those brought from the valuable studs of Lord Clermont, Lord Grosvenor, Colonel O'Kelley, Mr. Popham, &c. are known to be accompanied with their certificates, under their hands and seals, as in the case of Castianira and Anvilina, also known to have been imported by a gentleman of high standing. Their descendants have been particularly distinguished, shewing that "blood will tell."

That Sir Archy and Hephestion are "thorough bred," and from the very best crosses of Herod and Matchem, none can doubt; their dam not only traces to "a royal mare," but is closely allied, beginning with the ascending series, to those distinguished runners, Rockingham, best son of Highflyer, Miss Kingsland, best daughter of Trentham, and Pegasus, one of the best sons of Eclipse, out of Sir Archy's great grandam, the Bosphorus mare. The blood of the Kosciusko, Ratler, and Polly Hopkins families may be equally unexceptionable, combining valuable crosses of Eclipse, with those of Herod and Matchem. Can the same be said of other of our best American bred stallions? Is Sir Hal "thorough bred?" His "great grandam by *a son of Aristotle*"—may she not have been out of common stock; and what evidence have we that her sire's dam is of better origin? Sir Hal may be indebted for his powers to the *excellence* of his immediate crosses, Sir Harry, Saltram, and Medley. Are these enough, or *how far back must we have the crosses of the best blood?* Is his own distinguished racing, and that of his get, Medley, Bolivar, Van Tromp and Peggy Madee, *sufficient* to establish his claim as a "well bred" stallion. The pedigree of Johnson's Medley, stops at his great great grandam, by imported Spanker. Is this blood *enough*, taking into view the racing celebrity of sire and dam, and of his great grandam, there being no intervening stain, even if the Spanker mare be out of common stock? That Sir Charles is an extremely "well bred" horse there can be no doubt, even if the correctness of the published pedigree, beyond his grandam, (the Commutation mare,) be questioned; *suppose* it be without blemish as far as his great great grandam, and there be lost in oblivion, not stopping at "an imported mare," would he, according to our American vernacular, be "thorough bred?" Is this *blood enough?* American Eclipse, on his dam's side, without question, traces to Constable's "imported mare" by Potbos, out of a Gimmerack; and we are now informed she was by Snap, her dam by Regulus, out of a Bartlet's Childers mare—the great grandam of Medley and Sir Peter, (whose dams were also by Snap, out of a Regulus—the best blood of England) but it is alleged upon strong ground, (and if it can be denied, why is not produced the certificate from the Rev. Mr. Broddus,

said to be living in Virginia, and to have bred Amanda, or to have owned her dam, as his riding nag?) that the blood of Eclipse's sire, Duroc by Diomed, cannot be traced farther than Amanda by Grey Diomed. Though all these were first rate racers, *supposing* Duroc and Amanda were not thorough bred, is this enough? Is his own racing fame, several of his own and of his sire's get, having been distinguished, added to that of Duroc and Amanda, (his dam's blood being unquestioned) *sufficient* to establish Eclipse's blood?

Nothing more seems to be known of the sire of Monsieur Tonson's dam, than that he was "Topgallant by Gallatin;" also doubt exists as to what was the sire of Monsieur Tonson's grandam, to the pedigree and character of her reputed sire, Grey Medley, and as to the remaining part of his pedigree given. Is his own undoubted fame, *and that of several of his own brothers, as racers of the first order*, sufficient to establish Monsieur Tonson's blood?

Let me suppose a case. Peter, a first rate race horse, by Sir Archy, dam by imported Shark, grandam by imported Medley, great grandam by imported Farnought, (all horses of the highest character and blood) out of a common mare—is this *enough* to establish Peter's blood? If not, suppose some of his get be distinguished. If this will not do, suppose the great grandam (the Farnought mare) be by an unknown son of Flimnap, out of a *supposed* well bred mare. In either case Peter is not a "thorough bred" stallion, strictly speaking, but *has he blood enough* for every useful purpose? If not, how many generations farther *must* he be traced to give fair expectation of being a propagator of the best stock?

It being once decided how many generations "a thorough bred" must be traced, no pedigree reported can be deemed unexceptionable that cannot stand the test of that decision. Has not this question been settled in England?

These reflections and enquiries are made with a view to more extended information, believing that the fame of Sir Hal, of Medley, Sir Charles, Eclipse, and of Monsieur Tonson, is too well established to be at all impaired by the prying curiosity of

A BREEDER.

COMPARATIVE SPEED OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HORSES.

MR. EDITOR:

I certainly thought that the comparisons drawn between the English and American horses would have been at rest, especially after the manner the Old Turfman clearly proved the great disadvantage under which American Eclipse and Henry appear when compared with the two English horses, Hampden and Centaur. But I observe in No. 8, vol. 3, a communication signed T. which states that Polly Hopkins

was scarce inferior to either Bay Malton or English Eclipse; that T. who is no doubt a sportsman, should compare Polly Hopkins's performance of four miles, carrying 109 lbs. in 7 minutes 47 seconds, to Bay Malton's, carrying 119 lbs. in 7 minutes 49 $\frac{1}{2}$, or to Eclipse's, in 8 minutes, carrying the enormous weight of 168 pounds, is, I think, saying too much, as it is well known that Eclipse's speed was never tried, no horse with whom he ever contended being able to keep pace with him; and it certainly was not necessary for T. to go so far back as Bay Malton's time, to compare Polly Hopkins's performance with even English second rate horses. If he had taken the trouble to look over the English Racing Calendar, for 1831, page 26, York Spring meeting, he would there have found an opportunity of comparing Polly's performance in a sweepstakes at Norfolk, in the fall of 1828; two mile heats; first heat 3 minutes 48 seconds; second heat 3 minutes 42; beating Star, (which in her memoir is stated to be the best two miles ever ran in the United States) with Lord Cleveland's bay filly Maria, 4 years old, eight stone, (112 lbs.) two miles run in 3 minutes 42 seconds.

Now, Mr. Editor, the above example shews clearly that the shortest time two miles were ever run in the United States, was accomplished by the filly Maria, carrying 10 lbs. more than Polly Hopkins, besides allowing her 12 lbs. as the difference between a three and four year old, (the weight Polly carried not being mentioned in her memoir, I suppose 90 lbs. the outside, being but three years old at that time) thus proving herself as speedy as any horse in the United States.

Being a constant reader of your Magazine, I have observed frequent doubts expressed by some of your correspondents, as to the stoutness, or as the jockeys express it, bottom, of the English horses, there being so few races run in heats—that the English thorough bred horse is possessed of all the qualities of a racer there can be no doubt, as examples sufficient to convince us have occurred in the days of Rockingham, Coriander, Eclipse, Highflyer, &c. &c. and even so late as last year, (1831) an example occurred which will satisfy those who imagine that horses capable of running heats will not be found but in the United States, that they are mistaken.

Mr. Gully's Tranby, four years old, carrying 11 stone 3 lbs. (157 lbs.) ran four, four mile heats—first heat 8 minutes 10 seconds; second heat 8 minutes; third heat 8 minutes 15 seconds; fourth heat 8 minutes 50 seconds, and the bay filly Fairy, three years old, carrying same weight, ran two, four mile heats—first heat 9 minutes 5 seconds; second heat 8 minutes 8 seconds—course heavy, rain falling in showers during the time. Tranby's performance, considering the weight, is equal to any thing on record.

FAIR PLAY.

P. S. Mr. Osbaldeston rode the above horses in his great match against time, over four measured miles, and where the time as given cannot be doubted.

VETERINARY.

CURE FOR SCRATCHES IN HORSES.

MR. EDITOR: *Buckingham Court House, (Va.) April 17th, 1832.*

In the April No. just received of your Turf Register, page 396, is a request that some of your readers will suggest some cure for an inveterate case of the scratches of long standing, or perhaps foot evil.

Below you will find a recipe that I have seen tried frequently, and never in one instance did it fail of curing the scratches. The almost incredible short time that I have seen it effect a cure, justifies me in recommending it in foot evil. Yours, respectfully, &c. W. C. M.

Take (Botanical name not known) wild rat's bane* as much as you can hold between your forefinger and thumb, put it in about a pint of lard and stew for about half an hour, rub the place that is affected three times a day for two days or longer.

DISTEMPER IN DOGS—TURPETH MINERAL.

MR. EDITOR:

Annapolis, April 21, 1832.

When I announced the turpeth mineral to be the most valuable remedy yet discovered for distemper in dogs, I did not design to describe any of the forms of this desolating malady. My object was solely to convey in a short and forcible manner, this single fact upon the interested reader, that turpeth mineral was the *approved remedy*. I arrived at this general conclusion from long practice, and felt warranted in urging its general adoption, to the exclusion of doubtful remedies. I most confidently reiterate my first recommendation, without qualification, and for this strong reason, that it will be found of singular efficacy at any time before convulsive twitchings and loss of locomotive power announce debility—when these prevail, it matters little what is given, for the dying hour is near at hand. I have in this stage generally administered opium freely, to lessen the apparent agonies of expiring nature.

When a dog is distempered it is perceptible at once to the least interested observer, and it is here that such remedies as have been admitted to be useful, are eagerly employed; unhappily these, for the most part, do mischief, not from their active properties, but from a want of them; thus fatally consuming in a momentous period those hours, every one of which advances the sufferer to that fearful debility from which there is no escape. I will not say that no dog ever recovers from it, but I can say with truth, that I have never seen one enjoy that perfect health, without which no sporting dog can be desirable. The Dovers powder is valuable, chiefly as it contains opium, and a larger amount of that inestimable drug than is usually found in this compound, would render it more profitable to the practitioner in distemper. Your obed't serv't, SAMUEL B. SMITH, M.D. U. S. Army.

* Vulgar names, wild rat's bane, squirt face, &c. &c. found in woods interspersed with pines, on northern exposures, height about three inches, leaves green, striped with narrow white stripes.

MY HORSE.

Connecticut, March 5, 1832.

With a glancing eye and curving mane,
 He neighs and champs on the bridle rein.
 One spring, and his saddled back I press,
 And ours is a common happiness!
 'Tis the rapture of motion—a hurrying cloud,
 When the loosened winds are breathing loud;—
 A shaft from the painted Indian's bow—
 A bird—in the pride of speed we go.

Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now,
 While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow,
 And the dizzy earth seems reeling by,
 And nought is at rest but the arching sky,
 And the tramp of my steed, so swift and strong,
 Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song?

There is life in the breeze as we hasten on;
 With each bound some care of Earth has gone,
 And the languid pulse begins to play,
 And the night of my soul is turned to day.
 A richer verdure the Earth o'erspreads,
 Sparkles the streamlet more bright in the meads;
 And its voice, to the flowers that bend above,
 Is soft as the whisper of early love.
 With fragrance spring flowers have burdened the air,
 And the blue bird and robin are twittering clear.

Lovely tokens of gladness, I marked ye not,
 When last I roamed over this self-same spot.
 Ah! then the deep shadows of Sorrow's mien
 Fell, like a blight, on the happy scene,
 And Nature, with all her love and grace,
 In the depths of the spirit could find no place.

So the vexed breast of the mountain lake,
 When wind and rain mad revelry make,
 Turbid and gloomy and wildly tost,
 Retains no trace of the beauty lost:
 But when, through the moist air, bright and warm,
 The Sun looks down with his golden charm,
 And clouds have fled, and the wind is lull,
 Oh, then the changed lake how beautiful!

The glistening trees, in their shady ranks,
 And the ewe, with her lamb, along its banks,
 And the king fisher, perched on the withered bough,
 And the pure blue heaven, all pictured below!

Bound proudly, my steed; nor bound proudly in vain,
Since thy master is now himself again.
And thine be the praise, when the leech's* power
Is idle, to conquer the darkened hour;—
By the might of the sounding hoof, to win
Beauty without and a joy within;
Beauty, else to my eyes unseen,
And joy, that then had a stranger been.

IDLER.



THE OLD RED FOX STILL TRIUMPHANT.

MR. EDITOR:

King William county, Va. April 29, 1832.

As mentioned to you in my last letter, my intention of only hunting once more the past season, and that to be after the old red fox that had several times before eluded me and my dogs; I, accordingly, made an appointment to meet sundry of my friends and brother sportsmen with their respective dogs, at a tavern called Brandywine, in this county, near the grounds upon which the old veteran is generally found, on the 16th day of March, and about the sunrise of that morning, the company all assembled, with their packs, which, added to mine, made the whole pack to consist of about eighteen couple, all in high spirits, and eager for the chase. From Brandywine, after a little regaling; with some fine mint sling, we proceeded to cover, and had gone but a short distance, before a challenge was made by one of the dogs, to which the whole pack instantly responded and joined in the chorus, and we soon ascertained it to be a fine drag of

* *Leech* means *physician* in old poetic dialect.

the old red. Unlucky, however, after pursuing the drag from the slashes where it was first struck, up into the piney lands, upon the hills adjacent, some confusion occurred among the hounds; and the fox was unkennelled at some distance from the main pack, by two of the young dogs, whose notes were unknown to me, and off they went, down into the slashes, and before I could with all my exertions, possibly break off from the drag, the balance of the pack, those two dogs had run nearly out of hearing; we pursued with all possible speed, and after a run of about two miles, come up with them at the main road and at fault. Anticipating the course old Reynard had gone, we made a cast with the dogs that way, and old Ringwood, belonging to a Mr. E. soon hit off the drag, which had, by this time, become quite cold and difficult to follow, the wind being at the east; an unfavourable point for the dogs to smell well. From thence, we traced the old fellow through Mr. Bassett's estate, down into the low lands, across Pampatike creek over into Goodwin's island; thence through the sunken grounds contiguous to the island, a meandering course, displaying in his excursions, a great deal of cunning and generalship, down into the marshy lands of Mr. Thomas Carter; and at length, at the extreme end of the marsh, he was again unkennelled; hounds all well together. Now, Mr. Editor, there was a general enthusiastic burst from the company of that indescribable joy and pleasure, that huntsmen (true lovers of sport,) at such a moment feel, which was manifested by exclamations, of now he's up, halloo!—Only hear at old Ringwood. Now, exclaimed another, listen at Truxton, how he rushes through the mud and water, well done Rock, he is doing his part faithfully; hurrah for Crowner and Blunder, they are pushing for the front, &c. And away they went up through the sunken grounds and back the course old Reynard had conducted them from, through Goodwin's island field, in which a view of him was obtained by some of the huntsmen, who remarked that he went like the wind—from thence he led the pack across the creek, through Bassett's and Tomlin's large estates, continuing to course the neighbouring fields and woods, over hill and dale, through break and briar, for about two hours, when by running the road, a fault was caused and the fox obtained a considerable advantage—thus ended the first heat of hard running. Upon casting the dogs, after a lapse of some minutes, the scent was again hit off, and we were kept at long taw for a considerable time; but, finally, unkennelled him again out in the forests some distance from the lower lands, and all hearts were again elated by the cheering halloo—and now he's off again—hurrah my brave fellows! and away they went running breast high, for nearly two hours, when from the fox running in among a large gang of hogs, another fault was caused, and he again of course, obtained considerable ad-

vantage, and thus terminated the second heat of hard running—dogs behaving very well. The dogs were now cast around so as to get clear of the hogs, and at some distance from where the loss was made, they hit off the drag, and after following over lying down trees innumerable, and through thickets of bamboo briars, the old fellow was again unkennelled, immediately after which, a view was obtained of him by some of the huntsmen as he crossed a field, and contrary to the general expectation, he seemed to run quite strong and boldly, as if bidding defiance. He now took a new course of several miles distance, running for Manskin neck, upon the river which he gained, and being hard pressed at about one and a half hours by sun in the evening, he resorted to his old trick of swimming the river, by which he obtained a great advantage of the dogs, but the brave fellows took the water very readily, and over they went like Trojans. It being impossible to cross the river with a horse, a small canoe was obtained at a small distance below, and two of the company went over to the Hanover county side, and pursued on foot where the dogs continued to push the old veteran until just at dusk, some of the company who remained on the hill, near the river on the King William side, discovered the fox running with all his might up the river bank, not more than two hundred yards ahead of the hounds, and after running about one mile up the river, he was compelled to take earth, and thus ended the third and last heat of as hard running as ever was witnessed in this or any other country.

An examination of the den was made, and the conclusion was that from the nature of the earth, (being very hard) and the difficulty of its situation, he could not be dug out during the night; and the company being nearly exhausted by fatigue and hunger, the conclusion was finally made to let the old veteran remain until the next season, by which time, my young dogs Flash, Trooper, Trouncer, Crowner, Victor and Sting, the progeny of old Venus and by the Frolic cross, will have attained the age of two and a half years, and an addition to Blunder, Truxton, Tippler, Helen, &c. I think, Mr. Editor, I shall be able not only to catch this old red fox, but any other upon the face of the earth.

Your most obedient servant,

Ro. POLLARD.

KILLING GAME OUT OF SEASON.

A sportsman—no, a *man*, shot the other day (in April) from their nests, and brought to our market, fourteen woodcock; he ought to be made to ride on a fence rail till the “races are over.”

A PEEP AT THE OLD DOMINION,

At the Racing Season, Spring 1832—visit to Petersburg and New Market—to Sir Charles—to Oakland, the residence of Colonel W. R. Johnson, to Richmond and Tree Hill, and to Brandon.

MR. EDITOR:

On leaving Baltimore two weeks since, for the New Market and Tree Hill *races*, I promised to give you a *running* account of such things as it might be supposed would afford any entertainment to your readers; and though it may be feared they will *fag* on the way, I promise not to put them to sleep by a *long preface*, before entering upon my subject; as magnetisers do, preliminary to the cure of their fair and suffering *patients*.

We left Baltimore in the good steam boat *Pocahontas*, commanded by Captain *Henderson*, an able officer, who keeps a bright eye on the property of his owners, and sees that all on board are *properly attended to*. Ladies with respectful politeness, gentlemen with civility, and blackguards as they should be. From Norfolk, we departed next morning in the *not* good steam boat *Richmond*, Captain *Chapman*; who had, with other graces, that of seeming ashamed of his boat, which yet he would have made comfortable, if skill and urbanity could do it. The *Richmond* was a good enough craft in her day, but like some other things, grows none the better for age and use. The fine boat *Baltimore*, on the scale of the *Pocahontas*, is now fitting in your city, and will be ready for being *christened* by the 4th of July. The *Maryland and Virginia Steam Navigation Company* will then have a line to *Richmond*, as well appointed throughout as any man could desire, whose desires are worthy of regard. Passengers will then leave *Richmond*, at 6 A. M. arrive at *Baltimore* in time for next morning's boat to *Philadelphia*, and reaching there by 4 P. M. will thus traverse a line of 400 miles in forty hours, by the cleanest and most comfortable boats in the world!

Ascending *James river*, we passed in full view of all that yet remains of the "holy sepulchres and silent walls" of *James Town*, consecrated as classic ground by the pen of your eloquent townsman, Mr. *Wirt*. Dating one of his letters in the *British Spy*, from this place, he writes—

"I have taken a pleasant ride of sixty miles down the river, in order, my dear S , to see the remains of the first English settlement in Virginia.

"The site is a very handsome one. The river is three miles broad; and, on the opposite shore, the country presents a fine range of bold and beautiful hills. But I find no vestiges of the ancient town, except the ruins of a church steeple, and a disordered group of old tombstones. On one of these, shaded by the boughs of a tree, whose trunk has embraced and grown over the edge of the stone, and seated on the head-stone of another grave, I now address you.

"What a moment for a lugubrious meditation among the tombs! but fear not; I have neither the temper nor the genius of a *Hervey*; and, as much as I revere his pious memory, I cannot envy him the possession of such a genius and such a temper. For my own part, I would not have suffered the mournful pleasure of writing his book, and Doctor *Young's Night Thoughts*, for all the just fame which they have both gained by those celebrated productions. Much rather would I have danced and sung, and

played the fiddle with Yorick, through the whimsical pages of Tristram Shandy: that book which every body justly censures and admires alternately; and which will continue to be read, abused and devoured, with ever-fresh delight, as long as the world shall relish a joyous laugh, or a tear of the most delicious feeling.

"The ruin of the steeple is about thirty feet high, and mantled, to its very summit, with ivy. It is difficult to look at this venerable object, surrounded as it is with these awful proofs of the mortality of man, without exclaiming in the pathetic solemnity of our Shakspeare—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wreck behind."

The evening after leaving Baltimore, we arrived at Petersburg, by way of City Point, a point without a city—travelling the last twelve miles by land. There I pulled up at the Elder Powel's, where we were as well accommodated as heart could wish. As soon as I looked the old cock in the face, I was sure we were safe; for, without the aid of Professor Ducatel, to measure the fascial angle and feel his bumps, I was craniologist enough to say to myself "there's the face of an honest man, a worthy old gentleman, who will oblige a civil guest, more for the pleasure of doing a kind act, than for any profit he is to gain by it." Never was prophesy more fully carried out by the result, though mine had the rare merit of being at once intelligible, and what is equally material and uncommon, it was made in *advance of the fact*. The other chief tavern at Petersburg, is kept by *Pouel, Junior*, who bears the repute of being a worthy chip of the old block. If I had seen him first I should have been irresistibly attracted by his open countenance and laughing benevolent blue eye, yet as yours is a record of facts, it must be registered against him, as within my own observation, that when it came to his turn in a jovial company, I heard him sing

"A very good song, very well sung,
Jolly companions every one."

Nay, more, I was informed on undoubted authority, that he had been actually known to commit the sin of *fox-hunting!* For all which, like the gentle that spits in a Connecticut church, he ought to be made to stand with his tongue in a *split stick*, till the cows come home. All this sir, by way of information to sportsmen, who, as well as other travellers, when they pay their blunt, have a right to look for civil landlords, clean sheets, and no bed fellows, except—of their own chosing. In fine, Mr. Editor, I recommend to you as it was recommended to me, on going to Petersburg, to drop your anchor at one of the Powel's.—*Mem.* If you or your friends have any collections to make, and would employ an *honest* agent, that will make it a matter of conscience to collect, *settle, and pay*, **THOMAS COLEMAN** is your man. And now for the *New Market Race course*.

The official accounts in a separate form, that you will doubtless receive and publish, will supersede the necessity of details. The course itself is one of the handsomest in the union; I regret that I cannot add that a committee

appointed to measure it, executed their trust. As bets are made and horses are valued now a days by *seconds*, no course not thus measured will be taken as an unerring test.

It may be here remarked, that the colt's distemper has been more extensive than it was ever known in Virginia; hence the unusual number of forfeits and the failure of many that started. This cause too will diminish the field of horses at the Central course this Spring.

I did not witness the first day's race. You will see that the sweepstakes was won by Colonel Johnson's Herr Cline, half brother to Polly Jones, now recovering from distemper, under which he laboured, and was beaten at Fairfield. This is the colt in the sweepstakes at the Central course. Col. Johnson owns the half of him, for which he gave \$500. At this meeting he won more than double the amount. The nags that make tracks with him on your course, must look out for breakers. With the race on the second day, all except—the losers, must have been delighted. At the sound of the bugle, eight fine colts, the get of Eclipse, Charles, Contention, Marion, and Arab, all distinguished in their day, came to the post, with irrepressible eagerness for the start. They all got off in beautiful style, changing their relative positions not more than a length for a great part of the way, leaving the result extremely doubtful. Six came out in a cluster. Molly Howell came leading handsomely into the quarter stretch, and many thought would shew her heels to the field in the first heat, but the Duke of Gloster came up just in time to snatch the laurels from his fair competitor. The next heat was well contested, Sparrow Hawk flying close at the tail of his brother Gloster, two sons of Charles, proving the best in the race. The winner coming fresh from the hands of "Old Charles" himself, who, if a nag has any thing of the race horse in him, will bring it out sooner or later. Between the race and the dinner, no time was given for rubbing or cooling out. All gathered around the sumptuous board, the victors and the vanquished, "in social proximity together;" the latter, like true Virginians, acted on the motto—"Let those laugh who *lose*, those who *win* are sure to laugh."

The third day, being for the Jockey Club, four mile heats, in which the yet unvanquished Bonnets of Blue, was, for the first time, to display her beautiful figure on that course, the interest was intense, and the multitude of anxious spectators proportioned to the excitement. She was decidedly the favourite at starting, bets being even on her against the field. Even the ladies, not always the best judges of female beauty and proportions, nor lavish in the praise of them, at the sight of this fair daughter of Old Reality, were filled with sympathy and admiration, and wagered on her all their gloves, watch guards, and keep sakes. Until now she could boast with Cæsar, *veni, vidi, vici*. But misfortune, as if to teach a lesson of caution to the most knowing by another display of her caprice, had decreed that the fair Bonnets should have her plumes broken by a rude "*Red Rover*," and be finally stung to the quick by a *Hornet*. The first heat was taken by Red Rover, by Carolinian, in 8 minutes, 1 second; the second and third, by Sally Hornet, in 8 minutes and 8 seconds, and 8 minutes and 31 seconds. The time shews that the Bonnets was out of fix, and it is admitted that both she and Trifle, had been too much travelled and over worked, having been ten months in hand. They have since been sent to Chesterfield, and turned out to refresh and

prepare themselves to struggle for new laurels on the Central course, at your next October meeting.

For Red Rover, who had run with credit, and won at Jerusalem, \$3000 were offered and refused after the first heat.

The fourth and last day, was a sweepstakes for colts and fillies, mile heats; a highly interesting race, as well in the number of fine colts, as the hardness of the contest; the time being 1 minute 53 seconds, 1 minute 55 seconds, and 1 minute 54 seconds. It shewed what sportsmen look at as most auspicious; little or no *falling off*. The first heat was taken by Mr. Wynn's fine Tonson colt, unexpectedly even to his owner, who ordered his rider on his passing the half mile post, to take care to keep *within his distance*, and was surprised to see him rushing to take the lead in the quarter stretch. The effort by being too long postponed, was made with too much violence of exertion. In the two last heats Herr Cline again led the dance, Mr. Minge's fine filly Florida, (afterwards winner at Tree Hill,) being second in the race. Thus ended the May season at this old and popular course, hallowed by the noble deeds of Sir Archy, Wrangler, Leviathan, Timoleon, Reality, Virginian, Lady Lightfoot, and a host of others of high and equal renown.

You would have been gratified to hear the veterans of the turf, exulting at the revival of the ooden times, when the best men thought it no offence to heaven, nor good morals, to see a race course thronged with fair ladies and honest yeomen, the tax payers and defenders of the country. If there be sin in this revival, you, Mr. Editor, have a goodly portion to answer for. For, not to offend your modesty, the public ascribes it in a great measure to the influence of your Magazine. There were seventy-two race horses in the stables at New Market—amongst them Malcolm shone conspicuous for his noble figure and elastic carriage. He was in high flesh, but it was rumoured might be put right for the post stake at the Central course. Give me sir but one line, to express my ever grateful sentiments for the great kindness and hospitality I received from *all* at Petersburg. At the club dinner the company accepted from Mr. Branch, and drank heartily—"Maryland, the more we see and know of her, the better we like her." Being the only Marylander present, I felt bound to respond, and to say in the fullness of the heart—"Virginia, knowing her well we like her to overflowing," and suiting the action to the word, I overflowed my glass with sparkling champagne to the old dominion! Was I not right, Mr. Editor?

VISIT TO SIR CHARLES.

On Saturday, the day after the races, the opportunity was gladly embraced to accept oft and kindly repeated invitations to visit, in Chesterfield County, about 28 miles distant from Petersburg, Oakland, the residence of Colonel W. R. Johnson, "the Napoleon of the turf."

When within six miles we turned aside to pay our respects to that once splendid ornament of the American turf, Sir Charles, the Prince of Stallions. We found him on the estate of Mr. George Johnson, son of the "old racer," a *worthy twig of a good stock*. To have a sight of this noble animal, crowned with laurels won on many a hard contested field, would of itself, have carried me thither. We found him at the age of sixteen, still rejoicing in his strength and popularity, surrounded like Solomon, with his concubines, though not by quite

so many; and if one might judge by the majesty of his appearance, and the elevation of his countenance, proud of the preference shewn to him by more than one hundred pure blooded mares, some of them not inferior to himself in the annals of the turf. Of these some came with his own sons and daughters at their sides, to shew him the justice they had rendered to his procreative powers; others as if to excite his jealousy, and to command his most hearty attention, displayed to his jealous regards the get of his old rivals in another field; whilst others, again, impatient of delay, were sent to await the near approaching and nearly allied season of labour and of love; with "an abdominal protuberance that must soon resolve itself into maternity."

Amongst the most distinguished as dams or as racers, were the dams of Sally Hornet, Pilot, Industry, Malcolm, Bonny Black, Star, Havoc, Collier, Clifford, Trifle, Tobacconist, Sparrow Hawk, James Cropper, Polly Jones, Miss Harriett, (Mr. Haxall's)—also, Sally Walker, Polly Hopkins, Betsey Robinson, Sally Trent, Charlotte Temple; Weazel, full sister to Burstall, &c.; Isabella, a full sister to Isabella; and Mary Frances, from S. Carolina.

Many of these I had the pleasure to see for the first time.

Some, I am aware, have supposed that in the engraving of Sir Charles in No. 10, Vol. 1, of your Magazine, from Fisher's painting, which now graces the Hall at Oakland, there is something of exaggeration, and the touch of fancy; but you may be assured that with every good point there delineated, there is yet wanting to give you a just idea of him, that spirit and lofty bearing that cannot be imparted by the finest pencil. He seemed actually to be aware that he was brought out for admiration, and stood with his head so lofty that a by-stander of six feet could not touch the tip of his ear, whilst, as if disdaining to look on any object which proximity or enjoyment had rendered familiar, he seemed to be straining his full and sparkling eyes to look beyond the verge of the horizon, deplored, like Alexander, the want of new objects of conquest, or, it may be of love. Released of his bridle, he must stand for Homer's description—

"His head now freed he tosses to the skies,
His mane dishevel'd, o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuff's the females in the distant plain,
And springs exulting to his fields again."

Upon an animal, with the sight of whom you associate the recollection of great achievements, and the sympathies, the hopes, and the excitement of the multitudes that witnessed them, and who now, that his "service is perfect freedom," thus displays himself in erect and lofty pride; you can look with pleasure and with unabated admiration every day—truly, and without hyperbole, he may be pronounced a magnificent display of animated nature. I left him with regret that I could not see more of him; but as I am pleased to hear old sportsmen dwell on the peculiar points and features of Diomed, Messenger, Shark, Sir Archy, *et multis aliis*, so may come the age, if one may pronounce a word so delicate, that I may say to the young twigs of the turf, *I saw Sir Charles, Gohanna, Tonson, Eclipse, &c. &c.* in all the pride of their strength, and the fullness of their renown.

Had I the mending of Sir Charles, if there be room for amendment, I would have him to stand half an inch higher behind, as Eclipse should

do more than that before. Though in full flesh and perfectly well groomed by his faithful namesake Charles, care is taken not to have him *too fat*. He is fed almost exclusively on dry food, corn in the ear, oats and corn blades, and lies on a bed of dry leaves from the woods for *coolness*. He is allowed, whatever may be the number in waiting, and there were then more than sixty in the pasture, to pay his respects to only three mares a day, and that as near as possible, at the same hours every day—it being maintained that this is not beyond the capacity of a horse of his years, in good health, and that with the recurrence of these fixed hours, comes by habit and association, the desire to profit of them. There are numerous lots and extensive fields for mares, with an unrestricted supply of grain.

VISIT TO OAKLAND, RESIDENCE OF COL. W. R. JOHNSON.

After a kind welcome and acceptable refreshments, we left Earncliff where the liberality of the father in the true spirit of paternal kindness and the practical good sense that distinguishes the man, has provided an ample and *independent* establishment for the son; but which was then bereft of the principal charm and ornament of every establishment, from the days of Eve to the present; the Mistress of the house was absent. We proceeded to Oakland, in time for dinner. There I remained until Monday, and had I followed my inclination, and the kind bidding of mine host, there might have been at this present writing.

You have seen "the old racer" at the social board and on the race course; you have heard of him as a successful merchant, and a sagacious politician, every where upright, ready witted, and popular; but it is not until you see him on his own farm, and at his own table, surrounded by his family, loving and beloved, and servants numerous, obedient, and happy, that you are brought to see that W. R. J. is truly "*all sorts of a man.*" In his household, you perceive the epitome of what all good government should be. The principles are so well and wisely established, and the management so imperceptible, that whilst all flows on with harmony, and with pressure so equal, that no one part chafes or grates against another, the main-spring is concealed and all seems the work of self-moving machinery; no greedy central power to monopolise all that is good, and of course no refractory members, wishing to *fly the track*. You go to bed when you like, and when you rise, in like manner, horses and carriages await your command. Assembling around the cheerful and happy board, your difficulty is to know what to choose in such a variety of good things; and he who goes with the dyspepsia, must next day choose to be soda-fied or Halsted-ised. The wine too sparkles with such brilliancy, and is so insidiously cool, moreover the "old racer's" example and his manner of putting it at you is so insinuating, that it is sure to get down your throat, you hardly know how; and you know he is the devil for *repeating*. I went there determined to be on my guard, and so I took for my fugleman Mr. Sobersides, who sat opposite. He had been, on account of his great and laudable abstemiousness, selected to go forth and establish temperance societies amongst these Virginia nabobs, who, according to a prevailing notion in one of the Englands, do nothing but ride from house to house, drinking mint juleps, carrying from sheer laziness, each a negro behind him with a spur on his naked heel, for sake of despatch.

Alas, Mr. Editor, how frail are all our purposes!—before 9 o' the clock, my fugleman was brought heartily to sing

This world, they say's a world of woe,
But that I do deny;
Can pleasure from the goblet flow,
Or pain from beauty's eye?

And when we joined hands with the Colonel to sing Tom Brown, I really thought my sober gentleman would have stood on his head if he could have stood at all.

The next day we went all to look at the farm, and some thorough bred stock of his son-in-law, Colonel P. He pointed out the line between the two estates—I told him I supposed it would never be between them a *line of dispute*. No, sir, said he, he may come in upon me as he likes; my children take what they want, land, negroes, carriages, horses, or what not, and I am never so happy as in giving them what will administer to their comfort and *independence*.

You may think there is in these matters too much of domestic privacy, to be made the subject of public remark, but I venture to do it, no less in honour of the generous and noble feelings that may sometimes animate a sinful lover of fun and sport; but as a reflection upon opulent and miserly fanatics, who starve their own children into despair and drunkenness, and turning up the whites of their eyes, would fain persuade you it is a sin in the sight of God to feel happy!

The colts of Sir Charles and of Medley, frisked and gamboled in the fields for our and their own amusements; in short, every thing without seemed to prosper and flourish in its proper place, whilst about the garden and the house, under the direction of his better half, the household moved on as would a clock, whose works require winding but once in a lifetime. In fact, as one of our party said on leaving his farm—"well! for training and good management, give me W. R. J. from a butter-milk pig up to a race horse!"

VISIT TO RICHMOND AND TREEHILL.

With grateful impressions towards all its inmates, we reluctantly left Oakland on Monday, for Richmond. It was a matter of regret that the *Fairfield* spring meeting was already over. Never was name of a course more appropriate. The races there last month, were the first since the revival of this old and once favourite establishment. The proprietorship of such men as *John Minge* and *Richard Adams*, make "assurance doubly sure," that there, on a track not inferior to any in the union, the friends of the turf may count upon the utmost liberality, with, literally, "a *fair field and no favour*." The proceedings of their first meeting you have, doubtless, received, and to them in this number, I presume your readers may be referred for details. All, as I understood, from start to pole, went on and off in a manner the most gratifying and auspicious of future success.

At *Treehill*, about three miles from Richmond, on the first day, the get of *Arab*, *Gohanna*, *Medley*, *Tonson* and *Contention*, came to the post to contend for the *stallion stakes*.

The platter was swept by *Sir Walter Scott*, property of Mr. McGhee

of North Carolina, and trained in the stable of Mr. Richard Long. Part of the first and second heats was handsomely contested by the get of the renowned Gohanna. The Medley filly, the only three year old of his get, had the distemper, and, moreover, ran unkindly; in so much, that at the end of the first quarter, she was full sixty yards astern. The Arab entry had a bad start and was compelled to do her utmost to make up lost ground. The get of Contention proved second in the race. As Sir Walter passed ahead by the winning post, a wag that stood near me, exclaimed in allusion to his sire, "*by gar Monsieur Tonson come again.*" On the second day, the object of contest was the sweepstakes; mile heats, entrance \$100, h. f. two paid forfeit, leaving only three to enter the lists. Mr. Minge's beautiful filly Florida plucked the laurels from the judges hand in beautiful style; shadowed, however, with a tingle of doubt, by an accident that left it somewhat problematical, whether but for that, they *might* not have been awarded to a fine colt of Mr. A. M. Harrison, which being yet anonymous in your Register, I shall take the liberty of calling **ANTÆUS**, for a reason, that in the sequel, will be obvious to the reader. This mishap proved to be one of the most exciting incidents that ever occurred on the turf. The course was covered with water, and at the starting post slippery as glass.

The eagerly expected word "go," was scarcely pronounced, when the colt slipped and fell—for an instant, the fate of the little rider, thrown on his back, in advance of the colt, was the object of intense solicitude; it was quickly seen, however, that both had risen from mother earth, uninjured by the fall, and now all eyes followed the colt, who kept the track, most fairly, quickly passed his antagonists, coqueted with the fair Florida, suffering her occasionally to run up to him; flattering her with the hope of going by, but finally, opening a gap, in which were buried alike her hopes and her utmost exertions to pass him. He appeared proud of the undivided responsibility that ensued the loss of his rider and his guide; and without flourish here or there, of metaphor or whip, passed the judges' stand ahead of both his antagonists—greeted by a burst of joyful acclamation. The *ladies* would have made him a Consul on the spot, to be fed forever after like Nero's horse, on gilded oats. But, for not bringing in his weight, your pages will record him a *distanced horse!* In spite of all the "unco righteous," may say to the contrary, this display of equestrian ambition proved that *nature* is no enemy to *racing*. The winner is a beautiful creature, "the earth sings when she touches it, the basest horn of her hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes."

But this day was rendered yet more memorable in the annals of the turf by the second race, for the proprietor's purse, two mile heats, for which seven horses came to the post, all eager for the word. To wit: Rapid, Bayard, Betsey Hare, Row-galley, Nullifier and Goliah. In the first mile they were clustered in a manner to leave the issue doubtful as to all, but then it soon became apparent that a desperate struggle was approaching between Bayard, the victor of many a well contested field, and Goliah, from the loins of the far famed Eclipse. During the last half mile the conflict was tremendous, and the most listless observer, now marked every inch of its progress with intense earnestness.—Goliah maintained

his position about a length behind, until within sixty yards of the goal, when amidst the deafening shouts of the spectators, he locked his antagonist, and putting forth all his giant strength in the last bound, he struck to the earth the chaplet with which victory was just about to crown his confident rival. It was proclaimed a dead heat.

In the second heat, five only stripped for the contest—Zatilla and Row-galley having taken in their oars. Lady Hare made play with Goliah for a time, but finally yielded to superior strength. Nullifier and the preux Chevalier holding themselves in reserve. The course was fetlock deep in mud, and the riders came in enveloped in that commodity, like East Indian mummies—time of this heat won by Goliah in 4 m. 10 s.

For the third heat Goliah was the favourite, though the backers of Bayard were by no means dismayed. Nullifier, tough as white leather, just began to feel himself, and Betsey Hare was ready and willing to repeat—the contest settled down finally, between Bayard and Nullifier, the former coming out a length ahead, and winning the third heat in 4 m. 4 s.

And soon again the bugle sounded for the fourth, and as it proved the last heat. Three only answered to the call, and they rushed from the goal “like a mighty current, with its loud surges bursting along.” Goliah was now the decided favourite, though the friends of Bayard true to his motto—*sans peur et sans reproche*, stood firmly by him; and now it was evident that Nullifier meant to *stick to the track* as long as there was the least chance of attaining the object for which he *subscribed the compact*. At New Market, he took the stud, deeming it unconstitutional to have a strange rider “saddled on his back,” *nolens volens*, and chose rather than pay the impost, that was *heavily laid on him*, to be put beyond the pale, and was accordingly distanced; but now, being governed by a ruler of his own choice, the calls upon him were *freely made*, and *as freely answered*. Like his renowned sire, he showed that he needed and *could bear the timber*. There had been one dead heat; Goliah had taken one; Bayard one, and should this be taken by Nullifier, there must be five heats. To these three, the field was yielded for the direful struggle, Goliah keeping in the rear, leaving his antagonists to worry each other, they dashed off, neck and neck, roweled to the spur’s head at every jump, and now ensued one of the most doubtful contests that was ever exhibited on the turf. Bayard generally a little ahead, was passed by Nullifier in the last mile—the welkin rang with shouts of acclamation, but all was hushed again into breathless silence as they came rattling down the quarter stretch “swifter than the scowling blast of spring. Swifter than a thousand streams of the hills when loud, strong and maddening with the roar of winter, they rush from the deserts. A contest to be matched with this, I never in my days surveyed.” All eyes were fixed on the desperate encounter between Nullifier and Bayard. Goliah was forgotten, so far was he in the rear on entering the quarter stretch. But at the judges’ stand, he came down as if from the clouds upon the astonished multitude. He stretched out his neck to seize the purse, beating only by *that much*, his noble rivals between whom it was proclaimed a *dead heat*. Thus was won by a gallant son of a gallant sire, at four heats, severely contested, in mud ankle deep—a race that will long be remembered for its continuance, vicissitude and uncertainty to the very last moment!! Time, 4 m. 7 s.

For the Jockey Club purse on the third day, I had the pleasure to see eight come to the post. Andrew, Sparrow-Hawk, Sally Hornet, Maria West, Turk, Dolly Dixon and Mohawk. This race was won by Andrew in two heats. Mohawk only contended with him for the first, and was unable to make him run, as appears by the time, 8 m. 43 s. The others held back, supposing Sally Hornet would fly up when she found Mohawk moving with a drooping wing; but she chose to rely on her ability to repeat, and thus this heat was fairly thrown away. Nearly all made play in the second heat, but Sally had evidently lost her stride since her victorious run of twelve miles in the previous week. Andrew came in far ahead on a bearing rein in 8 m. 25 s. *Mem.* He was once called Andrew *Jackson*, but his name has been cut in half, it being found that whilst he bore that of Jackson—nothing could *make him run*.

It is on this day, most especially, that the Club dine together on the ground; and a merry time, Mr. Editor, *we had of it*. With their sparkling Champagne, and old beeswing, and men of Hanover, and the Cock family from Chesterfield, to sing, they make one laugh and drink until *all's blue*. Had I remained a week longer in the "Ould Dominion," I should have been *used up stock and fluke*—and, Lord bless you, sir, they don't mind it no more than nothing. They're all cat-gut and steel, and nothing else can stand against them.

The first race on the fourth day, was for sweepstakes, mile heats—seven paid forfeit, leaving the field to the beautiful Mary Randolph, who was now to run her maiden race, and Capt. Branch's superb colt, raised by Mr. Winfree. For the filly \$1500 were refused before, and \$2000 after the race; for the colt Mr. Winfree had fobbed \$3000 hard blunt—both these superior nags were by Gohanna. The race was won by Mary Randolph, in two heats—time 1 m. 53 s. 1 m. 57 s. In the first heat the gallant colt stuck so close to his beautiful competitor, that there was no day-light between them. In repeating, she held him at a more respectful distance.—The race was as beautiful as only two beautiful nags could make it. For the loser it was said \$3,400 were refused after the race. On the same day Annette, sister of Mary Randolph, won the proprietor's purse, two mile heats, at 3 heats, time 3 m. 56 s. 4 m. 2 s. and 3 m. 56 s. It can rarely have occurred that the produce of the same dam on the same day, should win two purses, and in a manner so creditable. General Brooke, by Sir Archy, took the first heat in fine style, and is manifestly a fine horse, doing credit to his noble stock, but shewing in this case how inexplicable are the causes of failure, and how the least thing may throw a horse imperceptibly out of condition. At Fairfield, he had won the first heat in 3 m. 53 s. and run the second in 3 m. 48 s.

Thus terminated the sports of Tree Hill, for the spring, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the course was very numerously attended, and the city filled with gratified visitors. A most sumptuous and elegant ball was given during the week at the Eagle Tavern, where, if the ladies were not as numerous as might have been expected, the rays of each one's beauty being more divided, fell on a greater number of objects, reflecting warmth and happiness on the oldest and coldest bachelor amongst them.

YORICK.



SALMON TROUT.—*Sebago Pond.*

Mr. EDITOR:

Fort Preble, April 21st, 1832.

I promised you some time since, to indite a *scrap* on the subject of Trout fishing, in Sebago Pond, as being such rare sport as is nowhere to be found south of N. H. This sport commences in March, when the trout are in the small tributaries of the pond, preying upon the spawn of the smelt. In May they follow the rafts, (particularly from the Songo) across the pond to the outlet, and are taken almost exclusively in this track. This fish partly resembles in habit and appearance, as the name imports, both the salmon and brook trout, being perhaps an intermediate species, and varies from two to fourteen lbs. in weight. But to catch them. We will suppose you have an ordinary trout roa, a reel with a multiplying power, (if you are an old angler, if not, the simpler the better,) with 200 feet of line, and I would recommend it of silk, unless you are fond of sporting your tackle; in which case grass will suit you better; this should flow freely through the rings; have a lead some four feet from the hook, with steel swivels fore and aft. We will suppose further, that you are at White's, near the outlet, an independent yeoman this, whose wife has such milk, cream, and butter, as you don't see in Baltimore; and if she could make *caffée au lait*, and cook the trout a la mode, there would be nothing more to be desired. Well sir, we launch out in a fresh sunny spring morning, in a boat with two oarsmen, but we will sail if we can. And now bait the hooks with a minnow, a strip from the side of a chub, or even from that of the trout itself. Here permit me to inform you, that I may not be troubled while taking a trout, that your killing artificials wont do; he may make one dash at it, but if he is missed, you may whistle for another.

Thus armed and equipped we let off from 40 to 60 feet of line according to the boat's way. The bait ought to be seen flashing in the wake almost at the surface (herein is a test of the excellence of the gear, for if the lead is too large or the bait dont traverse well on the

swivels this flashing will not be observed) they will attract a fish from a distance. A large trout takes hold vigorously, but if you are not satisfied he has taken the hook, draw up the rod gently and he very naturally takes hold more decidedly. Now twitch him gently, clear the reel, and exclaim "I've got him." The boat is *brought up* instantly, all hands wind up, to give you and the fish fair play, for now "comes the tug of war." The trout will generally spin off 100 or 150 feet of the line, and terminate the run by bounding entirely out of the water. This feat, which most commonly is repeated until he is exhausted, will give some idea of his size, and the manner in which he is hooked, when so far gone as only to be able to show his tail now and then, the line is taken in cautiously, but returned freely if there is any disposition to run manifested. Sometimes he approaches the boat of his own accord, but when this is seen, he takes fresh alarm, and almost invariably, to avoid his strange enemy at the surface, sinks deep into the lake.

From this hiding place he is to be pulled by sheer force, the fly joint being all the while thrust into the water, to relieve the strain upon it. By the time he is brought to the surface, being pretty well exhausted, he begins to recline on his side. You must not allow him, now, a moment's rest, but tow him to and fro as you draw him in (having obliqued from the boat in coming up,) and when within reach of the set, let his head be raised slightly, and he is (or ought to be) scooped up at a single motion. But if this latter operation should fail, he will most assuredly make a dying effort which not unfrequently proves successful. When fairly in the boat give him the *coup de grace*, fasten on a fresh bait and repeat the process as often as possible—so much for the manipulation.

Let me furnish you, now, with a few anecdotes illustrative of the character of this fish.

In May, 1830, I had the honour to form one of a pleasant party at the Pond. The sport in the forenoon of the first day had been decidedly flat, so much so that we began to apprehend seriously, that the country people had exterminated the salmon in the canal, which they frequent while spawning. We launched and recommenced, the lake, to use a stale metaphor, was one huge mirror, reflecting back vastly more light and heat than was necessary to our well being. General A. of the Army, soon "declared he had one," the tension of the line, nodding of the rod, and whizzing of the reel placed the matter beyond doubt. All eyes were directed to see the leap and out he came, breaking the surface of the aforesaid mirror and regaling my eyes for the first time with the sight of a salmon trout. It now cut a variety of capers, sometimes bounding entirely, but, at others merely springing to the surface and splashing the water with head and tail,

finally it took refuge, contrary to all precedent under the boat, and there annoyed the General exceedingly by compelling him to shift his line from one side to the other frequently. It turned out a fine, active female, weighing upwards of 6 lbs. The General was a novice at this sport, his subsequent superior good fortune chagrined (I thought) Capt. B. of Cambridge, not a little, the latter being a veteran angler who makes a pilgrimage to Sebago Pond, as regularly as the most devout Hadji does to the holy city.

The stomach of this trout disclosed, on being opened, a half digested smelt, and several small beetles.

The same afternoon, a boy hitched a large trout from the bridge at the outlet, being flurried, he gave up his rod to a bystander, who exhausted the trout *secundem artem*, but having neither net or gaff, towed it, into a small nook, whereupon an effort being made to drag it ashore, it brooke loose. The boy not earing about ways and means, threw himself into the water, and by dirt of scraping and kicking actually forced the fish on the beach. A net is indispensable in taking in a salmon, and numerous instances of failure in consequence of the want of one could be adduced.

On a fine morning, early in June, while our party was cantoning on Fry's Island, Mr. D. of Portland, took several before breakfast, the largest weighing 8 lbs. after this, your humble servant, having nestled himself down, to enjoy all a cigar could afford, was interrupted by a most abrupt and vigorous jerk, being somewhat startled he returned the salutation in like manner, at this *poisson* made a dash to be off, snapped the rod at the middle joint, carrying the upper pieces with him, but was so inconsiderate as to leave the reel with the remainder. D. hooks one at the same moment. The scene which now ensues, is farsical enough. Each of the parties interested, thinks he has a right to direct, and does so accordingly, both have equitable claims to the net, (the hook has worn a great hole in D's trout, the line is not to be slackened a moment,) four or five are standing at once, the boat rolls like a cradle, some commanding, the rest advising, but none obey or heeding. Captain M. who, as being a kind of *arbiter elegantiarum* in these matters, has a prescriptive right to command, gives up in despair. To add to the delights of this scene, some one treads upon Capt. B's fly joint, and a sharp "damnation," tells that it is unpardonable. The fish are eventually secured, being male and female, the latter weighing a fraction over 8 lbs. the former an ounce or so less.

I tried once on this occasion to draw in the fish by sheer force, but was so well convinced of the folly of the attempt that it was not repeated.

The Transcript notices the *appearance* of a 13 pr. trout from Sebago Pond, in the Boston market; I read this with somewhat of the same delightful feeling with which a lottery adventurer looks over a "list of capitals sold at Schuyler's," however, the editor must abate something from the *unparalleled* praise he bestows on him, for though a large trout, there have been his equals, and even better.

The fish of this beautiful lake, are, so far as my information extends, essentially different from those of any other, and combine activity with the power of protracted resistance, perhaps in a more eminent degree, than any other of the fresh water race. The pickerel when he finds himself ensnared, after all his deliberation, will indeed whisk about with the speed of electricity, this however, is but momentary, he soon yields himself a passive captive. I've taken in Dicks river in Kentucky, an active fish there called the *jumping perch*, that flounces about bravely, when hooked, but to the salmon trout, 'tis the clumsy cur, compared to the fleet greyhound. There are, I must confess, some grievous drawbacks on this diversion; the fish are scarce—I've never taken more than six in a day and at least two of them were *racers*, (a slender subvariety or may be poverty stricken individuals,) besides on a hot calm day the salmon won't *bite*, and a party must recur to its own resources: 'tis then the enlivening anecdote comes into request, and each individual must contribute to the stock, for there is, save now and then the lonely scream of the loon from some secluded cove, absolutely nothing else to relieve the ear from death-like silence. If however, you are of sentimental temperament, you may watch the snail-creeping raft, just emerging from some distant headland, and have, besides, one of America's grandest scenes to contemplate.

Yours, M.

CANINE FANCY.—The match announced in our last, between Gip and Daff, *came off* in the presence of a full assemblage of amateurs, on Tuesday, at Roach's. After a well-contested match of forty minutes, Gip was declared the winner.—On Thursday, at the same pit, Spring defeated Billy. The battle was so much in favour of Billy at one time, that he was backed at a guinea to half-a-crown; but the knowing ones were *floored* by the unflinching game of Spring, which, like his namesake, overcame all difficulties, and won the fight *out of the fire* in fine style. *Lots of pewter* changed hands.—On Tuesday next, Roach's Cribb will contend with Toaster, both well known dogs, of 31 lbs. each, for ten sovereigns. This affair is expected to afford a high treat to *the fancy*.

[*London paper.*]

GOOD IMITATORS.—The *Chester (Eng.) Courant* says, that two men, named Lomas and Hadian, who had been out on the sly, grouse shooting, and each of whom imitated the call of that bird exactly, were each attracted to the other by their calls, till at last Hadian seeing something move in the heather, let fly at a venture, and blew Lomas' eyes out. Hadian is in custody.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. EDITOR:

Leesburg, Va. January, 1832.

In reply to an inquiry made by one of "your country correspondents," in the December number of the Register, desiring to know "what jockey clubs in Virginia and Maryland are confined to certain counties, and how they are designated," I take the liberty, as a member of the Leesburg Jockey Club, (Loudon county) to make the following extract from our constitution, viz: "Horses owned by persons living within the following limits, and none others, will be permitted to run on this course; that is to say, those owned in all that country lying between the rivers Rappahannock and Potomac, *and north of the Potomac*, so as to include the counties of Montgomery, Frederick and Washington, in Maryland. It is further understood, that no gambling will be permitted on the grounds under the control of the association; and it is also agreed, that no member of this club shall be permitted to enter, *directly*, or *indirectly*, any horse belonging to a notorious gambler, or black leg, nor will any such man be admitted a member of the club.

Yours, respectfully,

W. C. SELDEN, JR.

THE EFFECT OF THE LAST SEVERE WINTER ON BROOD MARES.

Nashville, April 2, 1832.

The excessive severity of the weather, and the unprecedented changes from moderate to extreme cold the past winter, have operated very injuriously here on live stock. My labouring mares have mostly cast their foals. One of my bloods has brought hers to time, large and likely, but so feeble it was unable to stand, and died. Some of the best mares in the county have also cast, and two, said to be the very best, lost their foals immediately, or in a few days.

THE GREENSBURGH, KEN. JOCKEY CLUB deem it advisable to inform the raisers of fine horses, that they have a coursing ground adjoining Greensburgh, which will be made an accurate mile, *three feet from the inner edge*, and put into fine order the ensuing fall.—From the central situation of the course, being one hundred and ten miles from Nashville, ninety from Lexington, and eighty-five from Louisville, the principal racing points, it offers many advantages as a convenient place of concentration between the racers of those cities.

Understanding that there is a likelihood of being a match race made between the gentlemen of Tennessee and those of Kentucky, the Greensburgh Jockey Club recommend the above named course as a convenient place of meeting, and together with the proprietor of the course, pledge themselves it shall be made equal to any racing ground in the west.

The club have a respectable purse for an early day in October; but in the event of the proposed race being run over their course, they will conform to any time which may suit the convenience of the parties.

At a meeting of the FAIRFIELD JOCKEY CLUB on Tuesday, 24th April, 1832, a committee of three of its members, was appointed to measure the course, who reported, that at three feet from the inside railing, the track measured one mile, three feet and eleven inches.

R. B. HANNAH, Secretary.

THE TURF.—We are happy to learn, that endeavors to ensure us the animating and ennobling sports of the turf, are now making in this city. Many gentlemen of respectability have already come forward and subscribed their names to so laudable an undertaking. We say *laudable*, because *facts* prove, in spite of all *theorizing* of ascetics, that the results of a regularly organized system are beneficial to the community at large. As to racing, in the abstract, if those who love it do not have *regular* racing, they are sure to have *scrub* racing. If a system of regular racing be encouraged, and our established citizens come forward in its support, as in "days of yore," Savannah will become a nucleus for the whole surrounding country, east and west, north and south. The advantages resulting are too obvious for us to enumerate them. [Savannah Georgian.

The Milledgeville Journal of the 12th April states, of the races there, that "Having a beautiful day yesterday, and seven colts, said to be fine ones, being to start, tip top sport was expected. But Mr. Puryear's horse distanced the field the first heat; and so spoiled the amusement of the first day; much to the disappointment of all the amateurs of the turf, excepting, we presume, Mr. Puryear."

[We shall be glad to be furnished with the official account of the above races.]

The secretary of the Treehill Jockey Club is requested to furnish the Editor the Turf Register, with the following resolutions.

Resolved, That for the future, no horse shall be permitted to start for, any purse under the direction of this club, which has been distanced in a dead heat. And be it further resolved, that the same be recommended to all other clubs.

With a view to give every gentleman raising horses, an opportunity to test his colt, and to do so without much expense, and to make it as general as possible, the following resolution was adopted.

Resolved, That there shall be established a stakes at Treehill, to be called "*the Chateau Margaux stakes*," for the spring and autumn of each year during the continuance of this club. The conditions of which, shall be as follows: For colts and fillies three years old, in the spring, \$100, play or pay, in the autumn, \$200, half forfeit. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close and name on the 1st day of January, before the entry is three years old. Three or more to make a race.

PEDIGREES WANTED—of *Wilmington*, said to have been gotten by old Mark Anthony, and bred in the lower part of Virginia, or North Carolina.

☞ The gentleman asking for the above wished to buy, and that we should offer it by way of inducement, a volume of the Sporting Magazine; but we forbear to set the example, as it would imply or encourage, an unwillingness to make those *free and voluntary offerings* of information which all true hearted men *take pleasure* in contributing. The communication of a pedigree of a thorough bred horse, ought not to be considered merely in the light of a favor to the person inquiring for it, but as an act of *public service, obligatory upon every good citizen*, and not honourably to be withheld, even under motives of ill will, whether well grounded or not, towards any one; *such at least we take to be the true principle*.

A Jockey Club has been formed in Raleigh, N. C. and a purse of \$1,000 will be run for on the North Carolina race course near that city.

FOUL RIDING.

MR. EDITOR:

November 27, 1831.

From what I observed on the Central Course on one of the days of the fall meeting, which is animadverted upon in no measured terms by your correspondent "Godolphin," in the November No. of your Magazine, I have been induced to copy rule 55th of the jockey club at Newmarket, (Eng.) which is applicable to the case. I am aware that the Maryland Jockey Club have established a regulation in relation to foul riding; and the rule of the great English jockey club accords, in a great degree, with that which has been adopted on the Central Course.

H.

"55. If in running for any race one horse shall jostle or cross another, such horse and every horse belonging to the same owner, or in which he shall have a share, running in the same race, shall be disqualified for winning the race, whether such jostle or cross happened by the swerving of the horse, or by the foul and careless riding of the jockey or otherwise. And where one horse crosses the track of another next behind him, it shall be deemed a sufficient cause of complaint, even though he be a clear length, or more, before the horse whose track he crosses; it being desirable that, when once a jockey has taken his ground, he should not prevent any other jockey from coming up, either on his right or left hand. And if such cross or jostle shall be proved to have happened through the foul riding of the jockey, he shall be disqualified from again riding at Newmarket; or shall be punished by fine or suspension for a time, as the stewards shall think fit;—it being absolutely necessary, as well for the safety of the jockeys themselves, as for the satisfaction of the public, that foul riding should be punished by the severest penalties."

¶ ANOTHER AND THE LAST WARNING.—It is obvious that the two first volumes of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will, before many years, be in great demand, and not to be had. There are now only about 100 on hand, and they cannot be reprinted. Those, therefore, who wish to be supplied, would do well to apply at once. For the volumes in boards, the price is \$5 per volume;—well bound, with Russia backs, \$6.—They will be sent in no case without the money.

¶ A Fair Offer.—Those who owe for the first and second volumes of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, (and, strange to tell, *there are such,*) can discharge their debt, if they think *proper*, by returning the volumes complete and in good order to the Editor.

A GOOD LAW.—By a late law of Kentucky, all people keeping stallions or jacks for public use, are compelled to pay to the state a tax, annually, amounting to the sum they charge for a single mare. In Virginia we understand the tax to be \$40; and we have no doubt that law has a better effect than the one for suppressing billiard tables, and thus driving people, for amusement, into cellars and dark corners. A *high tax* on stallions would greatly improve the breed of horses, because none would be at the expense of keeping one that would not, by his blood and figure, command patronage. But who can expect enlightened legislation whilst the lawmaker is ever trembling for his post, and has to appeal for re-election to prejudice and ignorance?

A MILE RACE was lately run in England, on foot, by Metcalf, at Matley, in four minutes and thirty seconds—upwards of 12 miles an hour.



RACING CALENDAR.

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES,

Spring Meeting, 1832—Commenced, Tuesday, May 3.

First day, stallion stakes; mile heats, entrance \$200, p. p. five subscribers, viz:

Thos. Watson's b. c. by Monsieur Tonson,	-	-	1	1
T. P. Hare's gr. f. by Contention,	-	-	4	2
W. R. Johnson's ro. c. by Medley,	-	-	2	3
J. M. Botts' b. c. by Gohanna,	-	-	5	4
J. J. Harrison's br. f. by Arab,	-	-	3	5

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 56 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 55 s.

Second day, sweepstakes; mile heats, entrance \$100 h. f. five subscribers, three started.

W. H. Minge's b. f. Florida, by Contention,	-	-	1	1
Henry Talman, br. c. by Spring Hill,	-	-	2	2
A. M. Harrison, c. c. by Hotspur,	-	-	dis.	

At the moment of starting, but after the signal was given, the ground being very slippery and it raining fast, Mr. Harrison's colt fell, threw his rider, dashed off, took the lead, and come out ahead in the mile; but was distanced by the rules of the course.

Same day, proprietor's purse, \$300, two mile heats.

Jas. J. Harrison's ch. h. Goliah, by Eclipse; five years old,	0	1	2	1
110 lbs.				
Thos. Doswell's b. g. Bayard, by Carolinian; six years old,	0	3	1	0
115 lbs.				
W. R. Johnson's b. c. Nullifier, by Eclipse; four years old,	0	4	3	0
100 lbs.				

O. P. Hare's c. m. Betsey Hare, by Contention; four years old, 97 lbs.

0 2 4 dis.

J. M. Selden's ch. m. Zatilla, by Sir Henry; four years old, 97 lbs.

0 dr.

J. S. Garrison's b. h. Row Galley, by Arab, four years old, 100 lbs.

0 dr.

J. P. White's ch. h. Rapid, by Ratler; four years old, 100 lbs. dis.

'Track heavy and raining—1st heat a dead one between Bayard and Goliah. Last heat a dead one between Bayard and Nullifier.

Time, 4 m. 1 s.—4 m. 10 s.—4 m. 4 s.—4 m. 7 s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$1000, four mile heats.

W. R. Johnson's ch. h. Andrew, by Sir Charles; five years old, 110 lbs.	1	1
---	---	---

J. M. Selden's, ch. h. Sparrowhawk, by Sir Charles; five years old, 110 lbs.	7	2
--	---	---

Wm. H. Minge's b. m. Molly Howell, by Contention, four years old, 97 lbs.	5	3
J. S. Garrison's b. m. Sally Hornet, by Sir Charles; six years old, 115 lbs.	4	4
Hector Davis' ch. m. Dolly Dixon, by Sir Charles; five years old, 107 lbs.	6	5
O. P. Hare's b. m. Maria West, by Marion; five years old, 107 lbs.	3	6
R. H. Long's c. h. Mohawk, by Shawnee; four years old, 100 lbs.	2	7
R. Adams' bl. h. Turk, by Arab; four years old, 100 lbs.	dis.	
Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 43 s.—2d heat, 8 m. 25 s.—track very heavy.		
<i>Fourth day</i> , sweepstakes; mile heats, entrance \$200, h. f. nine subscribers—two started, viz:		
W. H. Roane's gr. f. Mary Randolph, by Gohanna,	1	1
J. W. Winfree's b. c. by Gohanna,	2	2
Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 53 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 57 s.		
<i>Same day</i> , proprietor's purse, \$200; two mile heats.		
W. R. Johnson's ch. m. Annette, by Sir Charles, five years old, 107 lbs.	4	1
J. J. Harrison's c. m. by Arab, four years old, 97 lbs.	2	4
O. P. Hare's b. m. Lady Pest, by Carolinian; five years old, 107 lbs.	3	3
John Minge, jr's br. h. General Brooke, by Sir Archy; four years old, 100 lbs.	1	2 dis.
Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 56 s.—2d heat, 4 m. 2 s.—3d heat, 3 m. 56 s.		

NEWMARKET (Va.) RACES,

Spring Meeting, 1832—Commenced May 1.

First day, a stallion stake, mile heats, \$200 entrance, half forfeit, four subscribers. Only two started for this purse, which was won, in two heats, by Mr. Botts' Gohanna colt, beating Mr. Harrison's Arab filly.

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 54 s.—2d heat, 2 m.

Same day, a sweepstake, mile heats, five subscribers.

W. R. Johnson's b. c. Her Cline, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin,	1	1
Jas. J. Harrison's Arab filly, dam an Archduke,	3	2
Thos. D. Watson's Contention filly,	2	3
Edward Wyatt's Arab filly, dam by Constitution,	4	dis.
J. M. Botts' Tonson filly,	5	dis.

Time 1st heat, 1 m. 57 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 54 s.

Second day, proprietor's purse, \$300, two mile heats.

J. S. Garrison's b. h. Gloster, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, four years old.	1	1
J. M. Selden's ch. h. Sparrowhawk, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, five years old,	4	2

W. H. Minge's b. m. Molly Howell, by Contention, dam by Hornet, four years old,	2	3
J. P. White's ch. h. Collier, by Sir Charles, dam by Whip, six years old,	5	4

O. P. Hare's b. m. Maria West, by Marion, dam by Citizen, five years old,	6	5
J. C. Goode's b. h. White Nose, by Eclipse, four years old,	3	dis.

Jas. J. Harrison's ch. m. Tuberose, by Arab, dam by Belle-Air, four years old,	dis.	
Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. Nullifier, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Harry, four years old,	dis.	

Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 55 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 53 s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$600, four mile heats; entrance \$20.

J. S. Garrison's b. m. Sally Hornet, by Sir Charles, dam by Hornet, six years old,	2	1	1
J. C. Goode's b. m. Mary Jane, by Bertrand, dam by Arra-kooker, four years old,	4	2	2
W. R. Johnson's g. m. Bonnets O'Blue, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archy, five years old,	3	4	3
S. Bryant's c. h. Red Rover, by Carolinian, dam by Sentinel; four years old,	1	3	4
J. P. White's c. h. Rapid, by Ratler, dam by Gracchus; four years old,			dis.

Time, 1st heat, 8 m. 1 s.—2d heat, 8 m. 8 s.—3d heat, 8 m. 31 s.

Fourth day, a sweepstake for three years old colts and fillies, mile heats, \$100 entrance, half forfeit, fifteen subscribers; eight started.

W.R. Johnson's b. c. Her Cline, by Sir Archy, dam by Gallatin,	5	1	1
Wm. H. Minge's b. f. by Contention, dam by Francisco,	3	6	2
John Flinn's b. c. by Tonson, dam by Virginian,	4	7	3
Jas. J. Harrison's ch. c. by Sir Archy, dam by Ratler,	2	2	dis.
Wm. Wynn's c. by Tonson, dam Isabella,	1	3	dr.
J. Minge, jr. b. c. by Arab, dam Merino Ewe,	8	4	dis.
W. B. Goodwyn's br. f. by Tonson, dam by Chance,	7	5	dis.
J. M. Botts' ch. f. by Gohanna, dam by Thunder Clap,		6	dis.

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 53 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 55 s.—3d heat, 1 m. 54 s.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) RACES,

Spring Meeting, 1832—Commenced April 24.

First day, a post sweepstake for colts and fillies; mile heats.

Mr. Adam's b. c. Primero, by Ratler, dam by Tom Tough,	1	1
Mr. Minge's b. c. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, dam by Florizel,	3	2
Mr. Botts' ch. f. by Gohanna, out of the dam of Clifford,	2	dis.
Mr. Garrison entered Mr. Long's b. c. by Sir Archy, dam by Virginian,		dis.
Mr. Watson's cr. c. by Contention, dam by Thaddeus,		dis.

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 50 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 53 s.

The track in good order and race interesting. Mr. Minge's colt was the favorite at the start, having won the sweepstakes over the Broad Rock course on yesterday, beating with ease the winner of to-day.

Second day, proprietor's purse; \$300, two mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's c. h. Andrew, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod,	3	1	1
J. P. White's c. h. Rapid, four years old, by Ratler, dam by Gracchus,	2	5	2
J. S. Garrison's b. m. Lady Washington, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	5	3	3
Dr. Minge's br. h. General Brooke, four years old, by Sir Archy, dam Bet Bounce, by Sir Harry,	1	2	dr.
O. P. Hare's c. m. Betsey Hare, four years old, by Contention, dam by imported Merryfield,	4	4	dr.

Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 53 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 48 s.—3d heat, 3 m. 54 s.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, \$800; four mile heats.

James S. Garrison's b. h. Zingonee, four years old, by Sir Archy, dam by imported Chance,	1	1
John P. White's c. h. Collier, six years old, by Sir Charles, dam by Whip,	2	2
Richard H. Long's c. h. Mohawk, four years old, by Shawnee, dam by Atlantic,	3	3
Wm. L. White's b. h. Panunkey, four years old, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy,	5	4

Richard Adams' bl. h. Turk, four years old, by Arab, dam by Florizel, - - - - - 4 dis.
 Wm. R. Johnson's gr. m. Bonnets of Blue, five years old, by Sir Charles, dam Reality, by Sir Archy, - - - - dr.
 Time, 1st heat, 8 m. 24 s.—2d heat, 8 m. 17 s.
 A very heavy rain fell immediately before the race, which caused Mr. Johnson to draw his mare. Turk displayed his usual obstinacy in the second heat.
Fourth day, handy cap purse, \$200; mile heats, best three in five.
 Wm. L. White's gr. h. Traffic, five years old, 110 lbs. by Sir Charles, dam by Buck Rabbit, - - - - 3 1 3 1 1
 Wm. R. Johnson's c. h. Clifford, four years old, 100 lbs. by Sir Charles, dam by Thunder Clap, - - - - 1 2 1 2 2
 H. Davis' c. m. Dolly Dixon, five years old, 107 lbs. by Sir Charles, dam by Hornet, - - - - 2 3 2 3 3
 Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 58 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 53 s.—3d heat, 2 m. 3 s.—4th heat, 1 m. 53 s.—5th heat, 2 m.

The track much improved since yesterday's rain—the race was closely contested throughout—Clifford the favorite at the start.

R. B. HAXALL, *Secretary.*

ATTAKAPAS (*Lou.*) ASSOCIATION RACES,

Spring Meeting, 1832, over the New Iberia course—commenced April 11th.

First day, purse \$200; two mile heats; entrance \$20.
 David Week's br. b. h. Paul Clifford, by Stockholder, dam an Oscar mare; four years old, 98 lbs. - - - - 1 1
 Dr. L. I. Smith's b. c. Wrangler, by Mercury, dam unknown; two years old, 82 lbs. - - - - 2 2
 Mr. Morton's r. g. Gallynipper, (pedigree unknown,) seven years old, 117 lbs. - - - - dis.
 J. B. Park's ch. g. Small Hope, (pedigree unknown,) six years old, 112 lbs. - - - - dis.
 Time, 1st heat, 4 m. 2 s.—2d heat, 5 m. 13 s.
 Neither of the horses were put to their speed, until within the last three quarters of the second mile, in the second heat.

Second day, purse \$150; mile heats; entrance \$15.
 Mr. Chargeois' ch. g. Burster, (pedigree unknown,) three years old, 82 lbs. - - - - 1 0 1
 Dav. Week's b. c. Clara Fisher, by Boaster, dam unknown, 2 0 2
 E. B. Mayfield's b. g. Brandy, (pedigree unknown,) six years old, 112 lbs. - - - - 3 dr.

J. H. Thomas' br. h. Dion, seven years old, 120 lbs. 4 2 3
 Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 58 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 59 s.—3d heat, 2 m. 4 s.
 The second heat was a dead one between the two foremost nags.

Third day, purse \$100, a single mile; entrance \$10.
 B. Bellen's b. g. Lord Nelson, six years old, 112 lbs. - - . 1
 Mr. Frere's b. g. Comet, six years old, 112 lbs. - - - - 2
 Mr. Fagat's b. m. Lady Jackson, six years old, 112 lbs. - - - - 3
 Mr. Migen's bl. h. Tom Brown, 120 lbs. - - - - 4
 Mr. Eli's b. m. Juliana, six years old, 112 lbs. - - - - 5
 Mr. Lereu's b. g. Paddy Cary, six years old, 112 lbs. - - - - 6
 Time, 1 m. 59 s. J. WM. WALCH, *Secretary.*

MONMOUTH, (N. J.) RACES,

Spring Meeting, 1832.—Commenced May 3d.

First day, a sweepstakes, 2 mile heats.

Mr. Joseph H. Van Mater's g. m. Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy, four years old, - - - - 4 1 1

Mr. Joseph K. Van Mater's g. m. Betsey Walker, by Eagle, four years old,	2	2	2
Mr. Phillip's b. m. Queen Dido, by John Richards, four years old,	3	3	dis.
Mr. Laird's b. m. Empress, by Henry, 4 years old,	1	4	dis.
Time, 1st heat, 4 m. 15 s.—2d heat, 4 m. 6m.—3d heat, 4 m. 9 s.			
<i>Second day</i> , Purse Race; two mile heats.			
Mr. Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. h. Monmouth Eclipse, by Eclipse, 6 years old,	3	1	1
Mr. Joseph K. Van Mater's g. h. Lara, by Windflower, six years old,	1	2	2
Dr. Darcy's ch. m. Lady Relief, by Eclipse, five years old,	2	3	3
Time, 1st heat, 4 m. 2 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 59 s.—3d heat, 4 m. 5 s.			
<i>Same day</i> , Purse Race; mile heats.			
Mr. Joseph H. Van Mater's b. h. General Jackson, by John Richards, five years old,	1	1	
Mr. Holmes's ch. h. True Blue, by Tormentor, four years old,	3	2	
Mr. Phillips's b. m. Queen Dido, by John Richards, four years old,	4	3	
Mr. Laird's b. m. Juliet, by Lance, four years old,	2	dis.	
Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 57 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 53 s.			
<i>Third day</i> , a match for 2000 bushels of oats was run—mile heats.			
Captain Stockton's b. m. Miss Mattie, by Sir Archy, four years old,	1	1	
Mr. Steven's ch. m. Celeste, by Henry, five years old,	2	2	
Time—1st heat, 1 m. 56 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 57 s:			
Track twenty-two yards over a mile.			

TUSCALOOSA, (Alab.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Commenced Feb. 7, 1832.

First day, three mile heats—purse \$350.

Mr. Perry's h. Wild Will of the Woods, by Sir Archy,	4	1	1
Mr. Davis' h. Count Badger, by Am. Eclipse,	2	3	2
Mr. Harrison's g. m. Peggy Madee, by Sir Hal,	1	2	dr.
Mr. Blevins's f. Molly Long, by Stockholder,	3	dr.	
Mr. Sprowl's h. Platoff, by Kosciusko,			dis.
Time, 1st heat, 6 m. 14 s.—2d heat, 6 m. 15 s.—3d heat, 6 m. 22 s.			
Track heavy from previous rains.			

Second day, two mile heats—purse \$250.

Mr. Harrison's g. m. Peggy Madee, by Sir Hal,	1	1	
Mr. Perry's f. Desdemona, by Sir William,	2	2	
Mr. Davis's h. Brunswick,	3	dis.	
Mr. Sprowl's f. Dorothy, by Marshal Ney,	4	dis.	
Time, 1st heat, 4 m. 12 s.—2d heat, 4 m. 8 s.			

Third day, mile heats—purse \$300.

Mr. Davis's h. Sam Patch, by Timoleon,	1	1	
Mr. Sprowl's h. General Jackson, by Timoleon,	3	2	
Mr. Carter's f. Piano, by Bertrand,	5	3	
Mr. Harrison's h. Lancet, by Sir Archy,	4	4	
Mr. Blevins's f. Morocco Slipper, by Timoleon,	2	5	
Time, 1st heat, 2 m. 5 s.—2d heat, 2 m. 5 s.			

CLARKSVILLE, (Tenn.) RACES,

Over the Woodlawn course. Fall meeting, 1831. Commenced September 28.

First day, three mile heats, free for any horse, mare, or gelding—purse \$510.

Joseph Rud's b. f. Desdemona, by Sir William; dam by imported Merryfield, three years old, 83 lbs. - - - - - 2 1

Geo. B. Nelson's b. f. Polly Baker, by Stockholder, dam by Oscar, three years old, 83 lbs. - - - - - 1 dis.

Polly Baker when running before in the third mile, in the second heat, bolted and was distanced.

Time, 1st heat, 5 m. 55s.

Second day, two mile heats.

Geo. W. Cheatham's b. c. Martin Van Buren, by Stockholder; dam by imported Whip, 3 years old, 86 lbs. - - - - - 1 1

Arthur Cotton's, g. f. Peann, by Bertrand, 3 years old, 83 lbs. 2 2

Joseph Rud's ch. f. —, by Timoleon; dam by Wonder, three years old, 83 lbs. 3 3

Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.—2d heat, 3 m. 55 s.

Third day, mile heats.

Arthur Cotton's b. f. Polly Baker, by Stockholder; dam by Oscar, three years old, 83 lbs. - - - - - 4 1 1

Joseph Rud's ch. c. Ocean, by Timoleon; dam by Truxton, three years old, 86 lbs. 1 2 2

H. C. Bell's ch. h. —, by Hamiltonian; dam by Pacolet, five years old, 110 lbs. 2 dr.

Wm. R. Gilbert's b. h. Oscar, by Old Oscar; dam by Phœnix, 5 years old, 110 lbs. 3 dr.

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 52 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 53 s.—3d heat, 1 m. 54 s.

Fourth day, mile heats.

Arthur Cotton's b. c. John Lowry, by Pacific; dam by Pacolet, two years old, 70 lbs. 1 1

Geo. W. Cheatham's b. c. —, by Pacific, two years old, 70 lbs. 2 dr.

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 57 s.

HORATIO NELSON, *Secretary.*

ST. MARTINSVILLE (*Lou.*) RACES,

Commenced March 14th, 1832.

First day, two mile heats; purse \$200.

Mr. Jean Mouton's r. g. Gallinipper, seven years old, - - - - - 1 1

Mr. Marsh's b. c. Waverly, by Sir Archy; four years old, - - 3 2

Mr. Mill's ch. g. Rainbow, four years old, - - - - - 2 3

Mr. Mills' ch. g. Don Quixote, six years old, - - - - - 4 dis.

Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 58 s.—2d heat, 4 m.

Second day, one mile heats; purse \$150.

Mr. Morse's r. g. Tasso, eight years old, - - - - - 2 3 2

Mr. Mayfield's b. g. Brandy, - - - - - 1 2 dr.

Mr. Duplantier's br. f. Helen Macgregor, three years old, by Mercury, - - - - - 3 1 1

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 51 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 50 s.—3d heat, 1 m. 56 s.

Third day, one mile out; purse \$100.

C. Fagot's b. m. Lady Jackson, five years old.

C. Mills' ch. g. Rainbow, four years old.

Don Louis Broussard's ch. g. Paul Jones, six years.

S. Chargeois' ch. g. Big Coons, three years old.

C. Voorhies' b. g. Trocadaro.

Won by Big Coons.—Time, 1 m. 52 s.

Creole race, purse \$75.

Joseph Latiolais' r. g. Stump.

J. H. Morse's gr. g. Blue John.

Won by Stump.—Time, 1 m. 56 s.

The course has not yet been accurately measured, and is thought considerably short of a mile.

TURF REGISTER.

AMERICAN ECLIPSE.

MR. EDITOR:

In your March number for 1832, (Vol. 3, No. 7, page 370,) you say that the indefatigable editor of the American Race Turf Register, and General Stud Book, P. N. Edgar, Esq. who had considered Eclipse "not a thorough bred horse on the side of his dam"—writes us, under date of the 21st January, 1832, to this effect—

"**MR. EDITOR**—The authority I had, for sending the remote pedigree of the American Eclipse, for publication, was, that it was furnished me lately, by a gentleman in England, who put himself to uncommon pains to procure it. He resides near to Bath, in that country. All the authority requisite, I have at this time in my possession.

"The Pot8os mare was got by Pot8os; her dam (foaled in 1778) by Gimcrack, out of Snap Dragon, sister to Angelica, by Snap.—See English Stud Book."

I was intimately acquainted with the late William Constable, of New York, and was much with him, about the year 1795, and several years after that date, when he brought over from England the horse Baronet, and the filly then three years old, afterwards known as the Pot8os mare and grandam of Eclipse. This filly was a chestnut, with a white stripe down the face. Mr. Constable repeatedly told me that he bought her at Tattersalls, that she was bred by Lord Grosvenor, and got by Pot8os, her dam by Gimcrack, but I do not recollect his relating her pedigree further back on the side of her dam.

I have more than once carefully examined every leaf of the English Stud Book, in the hope of discovering a filly foaled in 1792, got by Pot8os, out of a Gimcrack mare, and bred by Lord Grosvenor, which might represent the filly or mare in question, my search has been fruitless. The only mares to be found in the English Stud Book, which have brought foals by Gimcrack, in the name of Lord Grosvenor, are those noted below. But no filly got by Pot8os, out of a Gimcrack mare, and *bred by Lord Grosvenor*, is to be found.

1777; b. f. by Grimerack, Lord Grosvenor, her dam Miss Ingraham, by Regulus, vol. 1, p. 123.

1775; gr. f. by Gimcrack, Lord Grosvenor, her dam, Moonshine, by Regulus, vol. 1, p. 134.

1774; f. by Gimcrack, Lord Grosvenor, her dam, Princess, by Northumberland Arabian, p. 153.

1776; b. f. by Gimcrack, Lord Grosvenor, her dam, Hebe, by Snap, p. 320.

1778; b. f. by Gimcrack, Lord Grosvenor, her dam, Snap Dragon by Snap, p. 188.

Now Mr. Editor, as Mr. Patrick Nesbit Edgar has stated, that this Gimcrack filly foaled in 1778, out of Snap Dragon, by Snap, was the dam of the Pot8os mare imported by Mr. Constable, in 1795, then three years old, consequently foaled in 1792, and that he has in his possession "all the authority requisite," I call upon him to furnish it, at the same time give him to understand that nothing will be considered satisfactory, short of authentic record, hearsay evidence, or even the say of the "gentlemen in England" will not do. I have myself given the relation of Mr. Constable, he may have erred or been deceived, point out the thing in Mr. Weatherby's Stud Book, and the question will be put at rest, otherwise remain in doubt.

AN OLD TURFMAN.

The Stud of Messrs. Robt. B. and Francis P. Corbin of "The Reeds" Carolina County, Va.

ROXANA, (sometimes called Betsey Haxall) by Sir Harry, (imp.) out of the dam of Timoleon. See *Turf Register*, No. 2, p. 310, for Timoleon's pedigree.

Her produce, (before she became the property of the Messrs. Corbin:)

B. f. by Sir Archy; sold to Tennessee for \$600.

B. c. **ARATUS**, the best son of Director; sold to Kentucky for \$2000. Dead.

SALLY SLOUCH, by Virginian; sold to Mr. Gibbons, of Elizabeth Town, New Jersey, for \$700.

SNOW STORM, the best son of Contention; sold to Kentucky for \$2000. Since repurchased by Col. W. R. Johnson.

STAR, by Virginian; the property of Col. Johnson; held at \$5000.

RESTLESS, own brother to Star, (late the property of Mr. J. P. White) for \$3400.

Her produce, (since she became the property of the Messrs. Corbin:)

NULIFIER, b. c. 4 years old, by American Eclipse.

A b. f. foal at her feet, by Sir Charles, and put to him again.

POWANCY, by Sir Alfred, out of Virgo, by Young Sir Peter Teazle, (imp.) out of Castianira; the dam of Sir Archy.

Her produce, (since she became the property of the Messrs. Corbin:)

Ch. h. **HAVOC**, 6 years old, by Sir Charles; sold to the Rev. Mr. Cryer, of Tennessee, for \$2500.

MODERATOR, ch. c. 4 years old, by American Eclipse; in training.

G. f. 2 years old by Medley.

Ch. c. foal at her feet, own brother to Havoc, and put again to Sir Charles.

B. c. out of No. 4, foaled in 1828; sold at 2 years old, (untried) to Mr. Pankey, of Tennessee, for \$500.

Bl. f. 3 years old, by Trafalgar, in training.

DASHALL, br. h. 5 years old, by Sir Archy, out of Meg Dods, by Sir Archy. Meg Dods was sold in 1829, to Mr. Gibbons, of Elizabeth Town, N. J. For her pedigree, see A. T. R. vol. 3, p. 250; and for the performances of Dashall, see the A. T. R. vol. 2, pp. 214, 215.

B. c. 3 years old, (untried,) by Trafalgar, out of Dashall's dam.

Ch. f. 2 years old, by Trafalgar, out of Fanny Furgerson, by Madison.

LINNET, by Trafalgar, out of Humming Bird, by Tom Touch, with a filly foal at her feet, by Sir Charles, and put to him again.

B. f. 3 years old, by Ravenswood, out of an own sister to Linnet.

SALLY WALKER, (the property of F. P. Corbin) by Timoleon; dam by Dragon, out of Honey Comb, by Jack Andrews, g. grandam the celebrated Pill Box, by Pantaloons.

Her produce:

G. c. 2 years old, by Medley, the property of Col. Johnson and F. P. Corbin.

INVALID, (imp.) by Whisker, dam by Hambletonian, grandam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone, Mr. Goodrick's old England mare, &c. with a filly at her feet, by the English horse Teniers, and put to Medley. The property of Messrs. Craig & Corbin.

PIROUETTE, (imported) ch. f. 3 years old, by Teniers, out of Mercandotti, by Muley. The property of Messrs. Craig & Corbin.

PHILLIS, m. twenty-one years old 17th May next; (property of George Chichester, Esq.) by Old Top-Gallant; dam by Grey Diomed; grandam also by Grey Diomed, out of a thorough bred mare.

LALLA ROOKH, foaled 16th May, 1826, (also the property of George Chichester, Esq.) was got by Handel; dam Phillis, as above. (For pedigree of Handel, see *Turf Reg.* vol. 2, p. 311.)

ERRATA.—In page 484, last No. the time of running the second and third heats, first day, at Trenton, N. J. should be transposed, so as to read thus:—
2d heat 5 m. 48 s.—3d heat, 6 m.

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